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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Civil Rights Boil-Up

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John XXIII —*Patrick O'Donovan*

"Salt" —*Albert Goodman*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Now or Never

★ Biggest news in the world today would be a Moscow-Washington pact to control nuclear weapons. Few realize how close we are to it – on paper. Both sides have made concessions, originally inconceivable. Starting from a demand five years ago for *unlimited* inspections we are now down to "maybe seven or six." Starting from a refusal to accept *any* on-site inspections, Moscow now says, "maybe two or three." The gap seems fantastically small when you remember what's at stake.

It's closer than that, too. Explosion detection devices can police air, water and space successfully. The problem has been reduced primarily to underground tests, where earthquake detonations are the complicating factor.

It's probably now or never for this summer. If Moscow starts testing again in September (when Russian atmospherics are favorable) we're in for an all-out new round. It's probably too late to stop proliferation anyway: France and Red China are going ahead, but they're so far behind that a Moscow - Washingon accord even now might conceivably head them off and "keep the genie in the bottle," as Mr. Kennedy aptly put it. If the genie is out this summer it's out for keeps.

Latest timetable is: Messrs. Kennedy and Macmillan, April 24, sent a personal appeal (unpublished) to Khrushchev; May 8, the AEC scheduled three new tests in Nevada; May 12, Khrushchev replied and the AEC tests were cancelled. At press conferences May 8 and May 22, Mr. Kennedy stressed the now-or-never theme.

The US has the nuclear lead and is doing the pressuring; Moscow is holding back. We might even go below seven tests. Testimony of Defense research director Harold Brown, published recently, in part, disclosed that he said that he would find two or three tests "unacceptable" and four or five would leave him "unhappy," but that he could accept "six."

Nobody need be optimistic in this supreme moment. Suppose that the two powers did agree, on paper, to sign a treaty. Think of the behind-the-scenes denunciation of Mr. K in Moscow, that he had agreed permanently to accept second place! And think of the passionate protests in the Pentagon that we were risking survival, that Moscow never kept a treaty and that we had new weapons just ready to be tested! Yet the fact seems to be that if we don't reach agreement on tests *soon* between "seven" and "three" all the Peace Marchers from now on won't put the genie back in the bottle again.

The Rockefeller Divorce

★ As expected, the post-marital Gallup Poll on Governor Rockefeller's popularity shows that he has slumped badly, and is now below Goldwater. Some cynics are saying, "The public's memory is short; the rating will rise again before long." We believe the rating will rise – temporarily; we think, however, that the handicap is here to stay.

It's as disagreeable to write about the Rockefeller divorce as about the Kennedy religion, yet in Presidential politics these things have to be discussed and it might as well be done frankly. We have always liked Governor Rockefeller; thought he should have been nominated in 1960, and would have won if nominated.

But as we have written before, the complex Presidential role is part moral leader; a kind of high priest, a ceremonial sovereign, if you want to call it that. He is somebody the country looks up to for ethical leadership. You may consider the function silly, but it's there just the same. And there are elements in the Rockefeller divorce, we think, that would be incompatible with this role.

Most writers aren't being frank about it because they don't want to seem pharisaical. If the Governor were a private citizen his private life would be his own business; but a Presidential candidate is different. We only raise the matter to make a political and not a moral judgment. As a Presidential nominee we think Rockefeller has had it; he's through.

Government by Hired Proxy

★ We peered into the marble cavern of the Senate caucus room the other day and saw an odd sight. Up at one end a panel of economists and lawyers were being interrogated and in the rest of the immense hall sat two bored reporters and five tourists, who had somehow drifted in. Big, mild-mannered, owl-eyed Estes Kefauver was holding a meeting of his anti-monopoly subcommittee which, in our book, is one of the most valuable agencies in Washington; about the only one that militantly engenders consumer legislation. Latest accomplishment was the drug act that got through after the thalidomide scandal.

There was something odd about this tucked-away hearing, however. It was doing the tedious, colorless exploratory work on a proposed new omnibus bill to strengthen the outdated anti-trust act. It has published 26 volumes of hearings, with 16,500 pages on "administered prices."

But the questions at the hearing seemed to be all coming from one man, who heckled and interrupted the panel of scholars. He was Peter Chumbris, $17,000-a-year Republican Minority Counsel. Then we understood.

The subcommittee has been deliberately stacked against Kefauver, in an object lesson of how conservatives can stall liberal legislation at the committee level. Members like Dirksen, Hruska and McClellan don't bother to attend the tedious sessions; they leave the Minority Counsel in charge of their interest, a man who was never elected by anybody, but who sits, to all effects, like a US Senator, barking at witnesses, interrupting the chairman and throwing his weight around. He is a lawyer, not an economist, but he doesn't hesitate to take on economists from Yale and Brookings. It is a new development in Washington – government by hired proxy. As Congressmen get lazier we think it offers a great future for ambitious young men.

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Atlantic Partners

From two Atlantic conferences recently concluded, one in Ottawa on military defense, and the other in Geneva on trade, one discerns again how patchy the Grand Design is. Sovereign and strengthened nations of Western Europe remain our allies, but the terms of their partnership with each other and with the US are being continuously renegotiated. Both conferences were said to have been successful, even, according to some stories, a "victory" for American policy. The real accomplishments in both instances, however, were far more modest and more ambiguous.

The Geneva meeting of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT, was the first test abroad for the President's Trade Expansion Act. The ministers were not gathered there to cut tariffs, but to frame the terms under which they will negotiate reductions next May. That seemingly innocuous and technical discussion of agenda and rules turned out, however, to be something of a battle. The US was said to be demanding nothing less than unconditional surrender: agreement in principle to reduce all tariffs, on both sides of the Atlantic, by some fixed percent, hopefully 50 percent. The Common Market countries, not France alone, replied that this would be unfair. For, they pointed out, the US has extremely high tariffs on some goods, whereas the European tariff structure is characterized by a rather uniformly moderate level of tariffs on all goods. An equal percentage cut would thus result in lowering Common Market barriers in such a way as to increase greatly imports into Europe, whereas the same percentage cut would still leave some US tariffs at highly restrictive levels, prejudicial to European trade.

At first, the President's representative, Mr. Herter, insisted that there could be no bargaining over the principle of equal percentage cuts; only his capitulation on this point saved the day. The final resolution drawn up includes the significant wording: "In those cases where there are significant disparities in tariff levels, the tariff reductions will be based upon special rules of general and automatic application." What this means is that any items the Europeans wish to treat as exceptions to an equal percentage reduction rule will be isolated and handled in separate negotiations. In practice, if the French or other Common Market countries choose to play rough next May, the Geneva compromise could turn out to be worth nothing.

While Mr. Herter was concerning himself with trade in Geneva, NATO foreign and defense ministers were trying in Ottawa to square a circle – that is, to provide for a common Western nuclear defense

THE WEEK

3. Atlantic Partners; Is This Trip Necessary?; Capital Punishment; New York Preliminaries; "The Deadliest Bullets"; Foreign Reports

ARTICLES

9. Pope John XXIII
by Patrick O'Donovan

10. Civil Rights Boil-Up
by Alexander M. Bickel

14. A Vietnamese Speaks Out
by Nguyen Thai

DEPARTMENTS

18. Books 25. Feiffer 26. Films
28. Television 30. Correspondence

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without making it common. Again, they came through by not forcing controversial points of view too far. They "noted" the creation of a NATO nuclear force, thus appeasing the British who wanted that statement for domestic consumption. The British were likewise permitted to stress the only major change that has taken place – the assignment of a British V-bomb force to NATO. The French, for internal reasons also, required that this "NATO force" remain nameless, as it should since it represents little change in the realities of nuclear control. The determination of what is new about a multinational force from which the British and the US can withdraw their contributions at will, and none of the rest of the force can be used without permission of the American President, is one more suitable for discussion by medieval scholastics than by 20th Century governments.

What the US did not get and did not demand in Ottawa (it was not referred to in the communique) was a true collective force rather than a collection of forces. What debate there was on this subject reflected a real dispute over the advantage of a jointly-owned force of surface ships equipped with nuclear missiles which could be fired only by unanimous consent of all the NATO countries. The idea simply has no appeal to Europeans. Nor did it a year ago to the US. Until recently, the American Government had taken the view that although there is no military need for such a joint force, if the Europeans want one and can agree on a procedure for joint control, Washington would be willing to participate. All along, the US objective has been to reassure the Europeans of its commitment to their defense and at the same time to curtail and eventually eliminate British and French national nuclear programs, as well as head off any incipient German program.

After Nassau, however, and then in Ottawa two weeks ago, the Administration took a different line, switching from passive support of a multilateral force to its active advocacy. The President brought Ambassador Livingston Merchant out of retirement and he and other US officials have traveled around Europe, hat in hand, soliciting participation and financial contributions for what was first to be a NATO submarine force with mixed crews, and is now to be a surface force of missile launchers. Ironically, though the US has insisted that this force (a completely insignificant one as compared to the Strategic Air Command) was to come into being in response to European demands, the enthusiasm for it in Europe has been inaudible.

The French have made it clear that they are going right ahead with their own national nuclear program anyway, and hence cannot afford to participate in a multilateral force. The British, if they are to benefit from the US offer of Polaris missiles, must devote substantial resources to the development of the submarine and a warhead which would make the missile usable, and they have indicated that they cannot participate. The Italians, though committed in principle to contribute, have limited resources and may find it hard after their recent elections to make good on their word.

This leaves only Western Germany, and here the situation is curious. For what the Germans most want is not the means by which they can defend themselves, but absolute assurance that the US would defend them in the event of attack. Still, it has become more and more clear that if there's to be a multilateral force, it will be essentially a US-German force, with only modest participation by the Benelux countries, and perhaps Italy. The Germans, smarting under US criticism of the Franco-German pact, have decided that they must go along. But the overwhelming German viewpoint is that this is a senseless scheme which they will help pay for only if it is made a test of their loyalty to NATO.

It did not take the meeting in Ottawa to show that the whole enterprise of a multilateral force ought to be shelved. It is not compatible either with a build-up of conventional military strength (both programs are very expensive) or with the McNamara doctrine of avoiding a nuclear strike against cities. In addition, it offers no promise at all that there will be any curtailing of the French or British national nuclear programs. And perhaps worst of all, such a force may stimulate the very thing it ostensibly is designed to prevent. If present plans go forward, the Germans will spend over the next several years very substantial funds for nuclear forces. At the end of that time they will still not have a single weapon which can be fired by the Germans without approval of the President of the United States. By then, the US may well have created what it was seeking to avoid, that is, a strong desire in Germany for control of its own nuclear weapons.

In sum, whether the Atlantic "partners" are talking about economic, diplomatic or defense policies, they are not talking the same language; they are not planning far ahead, either together or separately; all is haphazard improvisation.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:

July 27 *August 10*
August 24 *September 7*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 14

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Is This Trip Necessary?

Newly inaugurated, the President two years ago called on General de Gaulle in Paris, Prime Minister Macmillan in London and Chairman Khrushchev in Vienna. The returns, on the whole, were meager. Now, Mr. Kennedy is about to undertake a second mission to Europe, under less auspicious circumstances and with less promise of reward. The trip should be postponed.

When the visit to Italy and Germany was first being considered, it was thought that the President's appearance would excite popular enthusiasm, taking the play away from de Gaulle. Heads of state are frequently tempted to believe that they can make things better by showing up, that they have some healing power. The notion is often illusory. To justify itself, a visit of this kind should mark a real venture in statesmanship, signal new understandings and goals. No such new ventures or agreements could be set in motion or confirmed by the Presidential presence in Europe this June. In Germany, the Chancellor who is going out, has not yet gone; in Italy, in the wake of an indecisive national election, a government is trying to be born.

The time is unpropitious for other reasons. The Vatican is a place of anxiety and sorrow, and although the President has cancelled plans for a meeting with the Pope, the emotional atmosphere in Italy can hardly be appropriate to celebrating the arrival of so distinguished a guest. Likewise, by limiting his journey to Italy and Germany, Mr. Kennedy points up the embarrassment of his being so near yet so far from Paris. He also calls attention to his unwillingness to be used by the Tory government for campaign purposes in Britain. He has been under pressure from the Prime Minister to come to England, and he has prudently resisted. But the more graceful way of avoiding entrapment, one that would be open to fewer invidious inferences, would be to put off the entire trip to a later date.

Capital Punishment

Once more Governor Brown is fighting to abolish capital punishment in California. He wants to ban the death penalty for a four-year trial period, excepting instances where a police officer is murdered and in certain other cases. The bill passed the Assembly of the legislature by one vote but has been shunted into a Senate committee from which it is not expected to emerge. Last year California put to death 11 people, more than any state; 42 men and one woman now await execution.

Governor Brown is not alone. In Massachusetts, Governor Peabody's proposal to ban capital punishment was narrowly defeated, and that only after the police lobbied vigorously against it. New York has dropped the mandatory death penalty for premeditated murder and kidnaping. In Illinois and Missouri, pending legislation would abolish capital punishment.

In practice, the death penalty is imposed less often each year, and nine states have formally abolished it. Twenty-five years ago there were 200 executions a year; in 1962, there were 68, with California, Texas and Florida accounting for over 50 percent of all executions.

"With a few isolated exceptions the persons put to death each year are penniless and friendless," says James V. Bennett, director of the US Bureau of Prisons. "Many of them are mentally ill or defective. More than half are Negroes." (In the South, where more people are executed than in any other section of the country, 1,646 Negroes have been put to death since 1930, compared with 626 whites.) Most of them are convicted in areas where juries set the penalty without knowing much if anything about the offender, Mr. Bennett adds.

It has been a major contention of the FBI and other police groups that the death penalty serves to thwart murderers. However, there is no correlation between the decline in the number of executions and the number of homicides, which each year fluctuates between 7,000 and 8,000. Neither does there appear to be any evidence that murderers given life sentences – in place of being executed – are a threat inside the prison, or on parole, outside. In general lifers are said to be among the best-behaved prisoners in an institution. In Ohio, 169 first-degree murderers paroled in that state since 1945 have made the best adjustment to life outside jail of any group among the state's 6,000 paroled convicts.

New York Preliminaries

In the spring, New York City Democrats go into hotel ballrooms to dine with one another by night and into corners to plot against one another by day. The President's Birthday Party at the Waldorf some days ago was an intrusion upon these private rites, but it served unexpectedly to unite Mayor Robert Wagner's New York City democracy, divided as it is into three parts: the Manhattan organization of Edward Costikyan, Wagnerian; the Brooklyn organization of Stanley Steingut, non-Wagnerian; and the Bronx organization of Congressman Charles Buckley, Wagnerian on judicial patronage, anti-Wagnerian on principle. Each borough leader was induced to spend more money than he wished or could afford on Kennedy Birthday tickets because he was informed that the other two leaders had already given twice as much.

The Kennedys and the New York City Democrats just do not get along; the politician with the habit of winning cannot understand the politician with the habit of losing. The President did confer with party

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leaders over the search for a candidate to run against Senator Keating next year, but the discussion was so formless that the ultimate consensus seems to have been that the election is a long way off.

It had been assumed before this that the New York Democrats would run Wagner for the Senate on the tested and found-wanting theory that if the candidate's father was good enough for the voter's father, the candidate is good enough for the voter. Washington does not cherish this tradition; it is aware of a life urge stirring in the upstate New York Democrats, who have elected in Samuel Stratton and Otis Pike two Congressmen with appeal to Republicans and who have developed a cluster of young leaders aggressive not just in their desire to win elections but in their anxiety for the recognition an upstate Senatorial candidate would give them. Wagner seems shopworn beside them, and reports persist that Washington would like to find some one else.

The Democrats have dispensed with the institution of the state convention this year, a sound precaution induced by bloody past experience. The State Executive Committee, which is weighted against New York City, will choose the nominee.

At a distance, it might seem sensible for the Kennedy Administration to choose someone new over someone old. But New York City is never that simple close up. Two years ago, Robert Wagner could have wished nothing more than to escape from City Hall to his father's old seat in the Senate. But then he was re-elected Mayor all by himself and became in the process a national figure. He has, of course, relapsed into his pre-reform posture; he and Buckley have joined to nominate a ticket of judges who would not be impressive as bailiffs. The President can hardly overlook also the polls which show that a majority of New York City's voters do not think Wagner is doing a good job as Mayor; but such polls are deceiving: the unfavorable majority includes an estimated third of all the voters who think it impossible for anyone to do a good job as Mayor. Wagner, thanks perhaps to the immense comedy of his re-election, seems truly popular. "Bob really loves getting into a car with an astronaut and riding up Broadway," an old friend says. "For a long time he was afraid to. He thought they'd boo him. Now they cheer him."

So the Mayor enjoys his job; he even talks of a fourth term. But he is a stubborn man with deep resources of resentment. If the Kennedys try to deny him the Senatorial nomination before he declines it, they could goad him into being a serious nuisance.

The alternatives to Wagner are most impressive for being less conspicuous than he. District Attorney Frank O'Connor of Queens and District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York would each be an attractive candidate; but a ticket of Kennedy and O'Connor or Kennedy and Hogan would sound parochial in a state where ethnic balance is a rooted political prejudice. Representative Stratton is the alternative most frequently mentioned; he proved his powers in 1962 when he survived in his upstate district after the legislature had jiggered it to eliminate every Democrat except Stratton and three saloonkeepers. But the professionals think him a security risk. He is a man of anything but marked liberal principles, though occasionally overcome by maverick whims. After the last election, he was invited to an informal conference of party leaders. "Everyone talked about what he thought we had done wrong," said one of those present, "and then we turned to Sam, the oracle, and asked how you win elections. 'It's easy', he answered. 'You just fight the leaders'. When you think that everybody there was a leader, it was a most tasteless remark."

There are arguments then against every name on the board. Undersecretary of Commerce Franklin Roosevelt Jr. spent last week in New York, drawn perhaps by almost forgotten hopes. Roosevelt represents, after all, the deep tradition which commands New York Democrats to lose either with a great name or with a tested inferior product. He could offer them both.

MURRAY KEMPTON

Angler

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"The Deadliest Bullets"

The man who is slated to head the proposed domestic Peace Corps cites the painting of the American Legion Hall in Chama, New Mexico, as an example of what the agency can do. Capt. William R. Anderson (USN, Ret.) visited the down-at-the-heels farm community at the invitation of the justice of the peace, who had heard Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy describe the National Service Corps on television. Anderson furnished the paint, persuaded one man to round up some brushes, talked another into cleaning them, and got the group to brighten up the town's one meeting hall, which had stood gray and uncared for.

To Anderson, the achievement was inspirational and typical of what needs to be done in the depressed communities like those he has visited in the few weeks since President Kennedy named him a consultant and staff director of the President's Study Group on a National Service Corps. The problems, he says, have their roots not in inadequate economic resources but rather in shortcomings of spirit and attitude. He thinks the main thing to do is to teach the people to pull up their socks, take pride in their communities.

The Captain, who served as Commanding Officer of the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* on its historic voyage in 1958 under the north polar icecap, later became naval aide to three Secretaries of the Navy and was the youngest line Captain in the Navy. He is now 41. He retired because, he says, "The deadliest bullets flying now are on the political and economic and, you might say, the spiritual fronts. I regard my action not as retirement but as shifting my services to a field where they are more urgently needed."

When a Republican Congressman asked what there was about a submarine commander that qualified him to head the National Service Corps, it occurred to R. Sargent Shriver Jr., director of the overseas Peace Corps, to retort that similar questions were asked about a certain Presidential candidate in 1952. Shriver was not the first to see a resemblance between Anderson and Dwight D. Eisenhower. Both came out of the insulated environment of military life with a disdain for conventional politics and a strong, if naïve, respect for the efficacy of spiritual values.

Anderson's first foray on the political-economic-spiritual front, after 20 years of Navy life, was to run for Governor of Tennessee. Friends talked him out of entering the Democratic primary against former Gov. Frank G. Clement, but he disregarded their advice in the general election campaign and ran as an independent. The outcome surprised everyone. With little money, little organization and almost no newspaper support, but with much traveling and handshaking, he finished a strong second among three major candidates. Tennessee politicians found him ill-informed about such issues as improved minimum-wage legislation, higher unemployment benefits and civil rights, but with an instinctive enthusiasm for them when they were explained to him. He is a lifelong Democrat; when the Republicans had asked him to run for Governor, he said he had handed out stickers as a boy for Franklin D. Roosevelt and could never be a candidate of the Republicans.

Last December, he went to work for the Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge, an organization that was founded by Roosevelt-haters and was connected with the extreme right-wing movement but since has attracted some moderate conservatives, including Eisenhower, its current honorary president. Anderson became vice president in charge of youth activities, working with Boy Scouts and other groups to encourage them to incorporate "American heritage material" into their activities. He resigned when named to the domestic Peace Corps job.

Anderson and the foundation still have much in common. Asked to state in a nutshell a few days ago what he means by the American heritage, he pulled out a picture of the Freedoms Foundation "Credo of the American Way of Life," a monument with base stones labeled "Fundamental Belief in God" and "Constitutional Government." Two tablets list 17 rights, an amplification of the Bill of Rights including "Right to Work in Callings and Localities of Our Choice" and "Right to Go into Business, Compete and Make a Profit." The capstone is labeled "Political and Economic Rights which Protect the Dignity and Freedom of the Individual."

The captain had met the Attorney General during the Presidential campaign. He expressed an interest in youth work and later wrote a letter requesting a civilian job on the New Frontier. Robert Kennedy, father of the home-front volunteer project, made the selection.

If the Kennedys hoped to ward off conservative attacks on the domestic Peace Corps by naming such a man to head it, they have succeeded to the extent that a partial survey of the Freedoms Foundation's 75-member board showed seven out of nine in favor of it. Nevertheless, House Republicans have ganged up on the proposal, asking what right the federal government has to get into local welfare problems.

The plan calls for a corps of 1,000 the first year and 5,000 thereafter, $75-a-month volunteers who would be sent, at local invitation only, to work with local groups in five main fields – urban slums, depressed rural areas, Indians, migratory workers, and the mentally ill and retarded. Corpsmen inevitably will find themselves involved with the causes of local misfortune as well as the unfortunates themselves. So, perhaps, will Captain Anderson. RICHARD DUDMAN

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FOREIGN REPORTS

KENYA: *Landslide for Kenyatta*

★ The overwhelming victory of the Kenya African National Union (KANU) in Kenya's territorial elections last week has made a resurgence of divisive tribalism or "another Congo" less likely. The voters unexpectedly rejected the thinly-disguised tribal or regional appeal of the Kenya African Democratic Party (KADU) and the African People's Party (APP). As a result, the once-hated Jomo Kenyatta has become the first African prime minister of the self-governing British colony of Kenya less than 24 months after being released from nine years in political detention. He now will work with the British to lead Kenya to full independence within a year's time.

Kenyatta and his fellow KANU officials campaigned without any concessions to regionalism. Supported strongly by the electorate, they now intend to establish a centralized form of government. The present blueprint calls for a modified parliamentary system with a House of Representatives capable of legislating for the entire colony. But House actions can be obstructed by the less popularly based upper Chamber, and the federal government must share some of its power with the seven regional assemblies. These regions, like American states, have powers reserved to them under the new Constitution. Thus, unless Kenyatta and his KANU government have the patience to wrest power away from the regions by laborious constitutional methods, the immediate struggle for power in Kenya may resemble a rougher version of the American controversy over states' rights.

Kenyatta's party is itself divided. The ambition of Kenyatta's ablest lieutenant, Tom Mboya, is generally distrusted in the highest party councils. His open rivalry with Oginga Odinga, a leftist, is a further source of serious dissension. Whether or not Kenyatta can continue to hold his party together in the face of the daily strains of governmental responsibility is, therefore, the key question. If not, he fears that he will be unable to retain the confidence of those European civil servants and farmers who, at least temporarily, are the mainspring of the Kenya economy. To stem the outflow of capital and personnel, and to stimulate the inflow of fresh investment capital, he knows that a favorable, stable climate must be created rapidly.

Kenyatta has another problem. His party has vowed never to yield an inch of Kenya. It has refused to permit the Somali, who inhabit a large, arid region along Kenya's northeast frontier, to join themselves and their lands to the neighboring Somali Republic. The Kenya Somali refuse to be dominated by the black Bantu-speaking peoples who comprise most of KANU's following and demand the right of self-determination. The Somali Republic has severed diplomatic relations with Great Britain over the issue and has threatened to back forcibly the irredentism of the Kenya Somali.

INDIA: *More Guns*

★ A high-level Indian mission has left Washington with Administration assurances that Delhi will get long-range military aid. How much has not yet been decided. The Indians are seeking $1.5 billion over the next three years for arms, ammunition, communications equipment and jet aircraft. They hope to get half of it from the US; the remainder would come from the British and other Commonwealth nations. India has now more than doubled her defense budget to $2 billion annually, and intends to double the army to 22 divisions and increase the size of its airforce.

While the American response to requests for aid have been sympathetic, they are known to be less generous than the Indians had hoped. Washington feels that it would be difficult for India to absorb the great volume of military aid she is seeking in so short a time, and that even with her stepped-up armaments program, she could not hope to hold back the Chinese alone. Moreover, an Indian request for jet fighters to repulse surprise Chinese attacks is considered unrealistic in view of the expense, training and technical ability required to maintain such a force.

Instead, the US and Britain are thinking in terms of air-to-air defense missiles, modern radar equipment and air support by their own fighter squadrons in case of attack. Final decision on air defense awaits a report by a US-Commonwealth team sent to survey India's air defenses. Meanwhile, limited agreements on priority segments for assistance to India were worked out in Washington. These will result in US help in building roads, setting up communications, and for military training. The Indian mission is now in London for a similar round of defense talks there.

The ultimate extent and form of US aid will depend, for one thing, on Congress, where there is considerable impatience over the continuing impasse in the Indo-Pakistani talks over Kashmir. These were undertaken last December after much Western prodding, and have got nowhere. Nor is there the slightest indication of a settlement in the near future. Pakistan has strongly protested US arms aid to India, placing Washington in the uneasy position of supporting a "neutral" over the objections of an unhappy ally. Nonetheless, Chinese saber rattling in the Himalayas, which was resumed last week, is far more pressing and makes it clear that if India does not get arms she may be inviting new attacks.

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A Habitable World

Pope John XXIII

Each time a new Pope is proclaimed in baroque Latin from the balcony of St. Peter's – "*Annuntio Vobis Gaudian Magnam . . .*" – the Roman Church gasps with delight. And each time it happens all the world's Catholics fasten a terrible load of affection, hope and adulation on the shoulders of some elderly prelate who is usually patently unhappy.

With Cardinal Roncalli, it was a little different. He seemed delighted and cracked a few unpapal jokes. He was not well known. He was elected as an interim Pope who, at the age of 77, could not be expected to reign for long. He was chosen to make a breathing space after the long and dominating pontificate of Pius XII. So they chose the portly figure of the Patriarch of Venice. Within a few months, Catholics found they had a man great in his own right at their head, the *Curia* discovered that there was to be no breathing space, and non-Catholics, a little later, found they had a marvelous Christian of universal relevance in their midst.

John XXIII in his five years of rule has made an indelible mark – in the reform and rethinking of his own Church, in the ecumenical movement, and in the search for peace and for a solution to the problems of coexistence. No Pope has made such an impact on his times since the Papacy left the Great Power League of Europe.

In the vile jargon of our time he has changed the public image of the Church. Suddenly the old inflexible intellectual and political intolerance has been thrown away. Fearful "texts" like, "error has no right," have been quietly discarded. A real fraternity among Christians has been introduced. If not among English-speaking Catholics, at least among the French, German and Dutch speakers, an uprush of new ideas has been tolerated and blessed. The validity, admittedly limited, of other points of view has been accepted. And the Church in the person of the Pope has made a move to get out of the political game and in getting out has won more prestige and influence than she has exercised at any time since the French Revolution.

Of course Pope John XXIII has not tried or wanted to try to change the fundamental nature of the Church. (This is the caveat which anyone writing about the Church today must include if he hopes to survive – among English-speaking Catholics.) A Pope is not bound by any political constitution and he is, by any standards, an absolute monarch. Yet a Pope is uniquely only a link in a chain of rule; he is one with his predecessors and successors. He is bound, more strongly than by any written law or constitution, by the Catholic precedents which are dogma and the teachings of revelation, the doctors of the Church and the statements of the Popes. In his development of the Church, John XXIII has not diluted any essential nor has he given up any of the Church's *magisterium*, its colossal claims to authority and infallibility which make the final act of reunion among Christians unthinkable to Catholics unless it be done on the Roman terms – return to the one, true, holy and apostolic Church.

But within the Constitution of unchangeable ideas, there is a surprisingly large area free for movement and maneuver. It seems at first sight strange that Angelo Roncalli, who was a descendant of unchanging peasants, who was destined for the priesthood at an age to shock modern Christians, who was educated within a small though admittedly progressive Italian diocese and who served never as a parish priest, but always, until Venice, within the Civil and Foreign Service of the Vatican, it seems strange that this man should have decided on adventure.

John XXIII is clearly in himself a remarkable man, certainly the most publicly-likable man of all the heads of state in the world. He is old now, very ill as of the time I write. Yet as of only a few weeks ago he came vividly alive when speaking in public. He celebrates at the altar with an intensity and an awe that would dignify a new priest doing it for the first time. He seems hardly to take himself seriously. He laughs at his age, his girth, his foreign languages. He is unpompous and when he visited a Roman prison did not exhort the prisoners but sympathized with them because he had had a relation who had suffered in the same way. He obviously likes people, and to satisfy this affection has broken many of the protocols of the Vatican. But the important thing about him is his ideas, astonishing in an old man, astonishing enunciated from such a throne. His real contribution is a bold and optimistic view of human unity, based on the fatherhood of God, and on the common rights, attitudes and needs of all mankind.

It is possible to suggest how this idea came to dominate him. His origins were humble and he managed not to lose his humility. In his life as a diplomat, he was for a long time in the Balkans where he served both as representative of the Papacy and as pastor to small, rather despised and hemmed-in Latin communities. He got to know the Orthodox Church well and understood the fear and dislike many of their priests hold – for sound historical reasons – against the Franks and the Roman Church.

He was well read in the liberal teachings of that part of the French Church which, in the face of working-class indifferentism, has concerned itself with social teaching. And as Nuncio to France after the war, he was privileged spectator to a nasty political situation.

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The Catholics were close to complete power. The Communists were being excluded. The dismissal of some 20 of the bishops was being demanded on the grounds of their collaboration during the war. The Church was a political issue and he offended some of the French Catholic leaders by his refusal to play party politics. All this omits what to Catholics would be the essential influence, which is the Holy Ghost. Nonetheless it adds up to a realistic sort of preparation for power.

Since this old diplomat with the instincts of a parish priest took up the keys of St. Peter, three great things have been done. There was first his personal example, the new, more indulgent, more warmly-loving tone that he set in the public life of the Church.

He gave up the specific condemnation of ideas alien to the Church in favor of restating those for which the Church stands. He cut out an uniquely offensive prayer "for the perfidious Jews" from the liturgy of Good Friday. The religious variety of his visitors has been exotic. His reception of the former Archbishop of Canterbury marked the official entry of the Church into the new ecumenical spirit.

Then there was the Second Vatican Council, his personal conception and carried out against the inertia and occasionally the opposition of his *curia*. It has been unique among the 20 Councils of the Church. There has been no talk of heresy or schism. The non-Catholic observers have been treated as most honored guests and were made privy to the secrets of the Council. It was called not to denounce or to redefine some doctrine in danger from the enemies of the Church, but to prepare the Church for a world in which the attitudes of the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation have grown all but meaningless.

He did not attempt to steer the huge and rather amorphous gathering of bishops, not all at home in the Latin, as did Pius IX at the First Vatican Council. He did the opposite. He made sure that no voice should be silenced by the weight of seniority or superior rank. And out of the five continents, something like a genuine consensus was emerging when the Council adjourned. He had no need to call such an assembly. There was no compulsion. He could have created almost any reform by his own authority.

And finally there is his encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, of which much has been written. It is a daunting document in ponderous ecclesiastical prose.

The letter was to all the world, not merely to the faithful. It is shot through with the conception of the overwhelming dignity of man. It is serenely optimistic. It suggests how a good government should act. It does not mention Communism, but it in effect dismisses as immoral any state formed on such lines – but not absolutely so. Speaking of such states, he wrote: "Besides, who can deny that these movements . . . contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?"

The total effect is to take the Church out of the line-up in the Cold War. He rejects by implication the idea that the West is the repository of all virtue and the East merely a monstrous conspiracy. He is wary of the sort of idea that has the Church as a rallying point against Communism. He asks the recognition of the natural rights of man and of the right of religion to maneuver in its proper sphere. Seen from a country like Poland, such a definition is tolerable to the regime and infinitely exciting to a faithful locked into a condition of hopeless enmity and exclusion.

His example, his Council, his encyclicals will not themselves radically change the policy of any government. They will in the end change the attitude of the faithful and of those who suspect them. This is a beginning of change – a sweet and reasonable change in the direction of peace. It is not a revolution. It is part of the endless process of trying to keep the world habitable. And it is the personal achievement of a marvelous old gentleman. PATRICK O'DONOVAN

Civil Rights Boil-Up

by Alexander M. Bickel

"Little Rock . . . Ole Miss . . . Birmingham . . . What's next? THE FIRE NEXT TIME." So reads an advertisement for James Baldwin's "explosive new best-seller." The past 15 days have been as crowded with events as any comparable period in the nine years since the Supreme Court's original desegregation decision, and are, on the whole, less ominous than prospective readers of Mr. Baldwin's book are invited to suppose. The pace is picking up, which is in itself cause for rejoicing. Even the pace of "deliberate speed," the symbol of the law's

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gradualism, is quickening. Toward the end of the period under review here, the Supreme Court decided the Memphis parks case, reiterating that the deliberate speed formula was never applicable to anything but elementary and high schools. Then the Court seized the occasion to hint that what might have passed for adequately speedy deliberateness, say five years ago, will not do next fall.

A week earlier, on May 20, the Court handed down its decisions involving sit-ins aimed at desegregating privately-owned facilities. The decisions were no surprise. The Court does not live in a vacuum. It was not to be expected, therefore, that it would uphold sit-in convictions, and thus discourage a movement that in many cities, including cities from which some of these cases originated, has achieved its own, unaided successes. Nor was it to be expected that the Court would solve, at one fell swoop, the extraordinarily difficult constitutional problem that underlies all such cases. For even Justice Douglas, who was willing to go farthest, conceded that there will be instances when the Fourteenth Amendment "casts its weight on the side of the privacy of homes." There is here a question – not dissimilar to the question we face when we propose to regulate sexual mores, or drinking, or even reading habits – of how far the law should and effectively can intrude into the realm of private preference. There is the even touchier question of how far federal – which is to say, uniform, distant, centralized – law should go. And there is finally the most vexing question: what should federal *constitutional* – which is to say, entirely judge-made – law try to accomplish.

The Court merely held on May 20th, realistically and sensibly enough, that where there is an enveloping official pressure in favor of continued segregation, segregation can scarcely be thought of as a free, private impulse. The question of the proper area for the freedom of such private impulses was not answered. The official pressures, of which the Court took note, were those segregation ordinances retained on the books – even though they are clearly unconstitutional and ultimately unenforceable – and the statements, attitudes and actions on the part of the mayor and police of New Orleans, which evinced something more specifically purposive than merely an attachment to the peace of the community. Justice Harlan, in dissent, treated the several sit-in cases more at retail. Not in a single one would he have affirmed the convictions. In a few, however, he would have required further inquiry into the actual state of mind, the actual private wishes and intentions of the private store owners and managers.

The Court's decisions are important – perhaps as important for what they did not do as for what they did – but they are of relatively limited significance. To be sure, in places covered by Birmingham-type ordinances – indeed, one of these cases, involving a restaurant, came from Birmingham – segregation is now unconstitutional. And the Court has extended a carrot with its stick, to Birmingham and other cities. It is now the intelligent thing to do to repeal segregation ordinances, and to refrain from making blustering official statements and from rushing into precipitate police action when sit-ins occur. The new city administration of Mayor Albert Boutwell, though perhaps moderate by Birmingham standards only (Mr. Boutwell will have no truck with Martin Luther King), may be expected to see the point. Even "Bull" Connor might have seen it. But it would be a mistake not to expect further sit-in troubles, in Birmingham or elsewhere. Private prejudices and non-legal community pressures are after all operative also, and police support of such prejudices and pressures is a different matter.

Trial by Combat

It would be a mistake as well to suppose that the Court has legalized the sort of mass demonstrations that Birmingham witnessed. It may have legalized some of the purposes of Dr. King's marchers. It has not legalized the marching. Whether one may move *en masse* and at will through city streets, to no matter what end, is quite a separate issue. This does not mean that the jail sentences and fines imposed on the marchers will stick. As in the sit-in cases, the Supreme Court will very properly strain every resource to avoid lending itself to the suppression of worthy and peaceable, if extra-legal, agitation for Negro rights. And it will find ways, procedural and other, to reverse the convictions. But the Court is not likely to establish mass demonstrations as a blanket constitutional right, nor should it. Mass marches, as opposed to small group sit-ins, remain an extra-legal means of agitation and protest, of trial by combat, even if peaceful. Hence they remain fraught with risk, which Negro leaders and participants are superbly willing to accept.

It seemed for a time as if the marching were about to resume in Birmingham. On the same day that the sit-in decisions came down, a brutal group of Connor appointees on the Birmingham Board of Education expelled or suspended over 1,000 Negro children from the Birmingham public schools for taking part in the mass demonstrations earlier in the month. Dr. King responded by opting first for the process of law, and two days later he was rewarded with the back of the hand of District Judge Clarence W. Allgood, one of the earliest of President Kennedy's appointments to the federal bench in the South. Allgood's action was promptly cured by Chief Judge Tuttle of the US Court of Appeals in Atlanta, who issued an injunction rescinding the expulsions and suspensions. That was the

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day also – May 23 – when the Alabama Supreme Court confirmed Mayor Boutwell in office.

The Allgood episode deserves to be looked at closely. This Administration has the best civil rights record there has ever been, period. But that says a great deal more than it means. Negro rights have in the past never been central to the liberalism of any national administration. Hence this "best record" is marred by acts of hesitancy and omission. And it is marred by one act of commission which is of major and long-term importance, namely, the appointment to the federal bench in the South of a number of judges who are out of sympathy with the prevailing and developing law on Negro rights. Judge Allgood is quite evidently of this number. An undistinguished Birmingham lawyer whose experience ran heavily to service as a referee in bankruptcy ("That's about all there is," said a knowledgeable Southern source in Washington when asked for further information about the Judge's career), Judge Allgood, as Claude Sitton reported in *The New York Times*, is "considered a segregationist by Birmingham Negroes," who it should be remembered possess the discrimination to distinguish on this score between "Bull" Connor and Albert Boutwell. Judge Allgood dismissed the suit for reinstatement of the Negro pupils out of hand, on the pleadings and without taking evidence, even though the school board's position was self-contradictory in several respects. The judge paused only long enough to give his gratuitous views on "experts in the field" (meaning Dr. King) who "exploit" the Negro children and cause them to run "loose and wild in all directions," and on "the patience and good judgment of the people of Birmingham and the police."

Qualifications for a Judge

It so happens that there is an applicable precedent on public-school expulsions in Judge Allgood's jurisdiction. In March, 1960, the Alabama Board of Education expelled some students from the Alabama State College, a Negro school, for having taken some part in sit-ins in Montgomery the previous month. The US Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, Judge Rives of Montgomery writing, held the expulsion invalid because the students had not been granted a hearing on the charges against them. (The case, for easy reference, is *Dixon* v *Alabama State Board of Education*, 294 F.2d 150 [1961].) There was no hearing in the Birmingham case either. It is not too much to say that a judge without prejudgment would have followed this precedent, or at least explored the facts before him with a view to determining its applicability.

The Administration explains appointments such as Judge Allgood's by maintaining what one may well believe – that the President would not appoint a man who, he had reason to think, will not do his constitutional duty. But that is much too porous a test, as the Allgood episode demonstrates. It is not good enough to appoint an Allgood because he is rated "qualified" by the American Bar Association or has been identified with civic "good works." There is a great deal of discretion open to a judge within the limits of his constitutional duty. It would have been well within the limits of Judge Allgood's duty to find the Birmingham situation distinguishable on its facts and thus to hold the *Dixon* case precedent inapplicable. It was certainly well within Judge Allgood's power to decline to take the broader ground Judge Tuttle apparently took in ordering the Birmingham pupils readmitted. It is precisely because judges have discretion, because, as everyone should know by now, they make rather than find much of their law, that the appointing power must worry not only about whether prospective judges will do their duty, but about how they are likely to see their duty. Senatorial pressure is no excuse. The matter is too important; it reaches too far into the future. Southern lawyers of greater distinction and other sympathies than Judge Allgood's can be found. If there is a deadlock on confirmation, the resultant pressure does not fall exclusively on the Administration. The Chief Justice has power, frequently exercised, to assign judges from all over the country to sit in a district where there is a vacancy. The judge who sat in Little Rock in 1957 was from one of the Dakotas.

Yet, despite Allgood, all turned out relatively well in Birmingham. Governor Wallace brought suit in the Supreme Court to force the President to call off the troops he is still holding in readiness near Birmingham. But the Governor did not seriously expect anything to come of it. There may be conceivable instances when the Court would enjoin a domestic Presidential use of troops, but this was not one of them; and so holding, the Court dismissed the suit. The Governor in the meantime had threatened to use all the authority at his command, including his presence and presumably state troopers, *à la* Ole Miss, to prevent admission to his university, pursuant to federal court order, of two Negroes on June 10. But he is in a weaker position than was Governor Barnett, whose position, in turn, was weaker than Governor Faubus' at Little Rock. The Attorney General of Alabama is in public opposition to his Governor's plans, as is the university administration.

The President's remarks at his press conference on May 22 about Governor Wallace's intentions and about his own were a trifle mild. But the Administration subsequently went to court for a prophylactic injunction – a forehanded and unusual move – and so one may hope that the federal government will act promptly to prevent any interference on the University of Alabama campus by the Governor. All that has been gained

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from these successive school crises will be in danger of slipping away if the attempt is made to negotiate the unnegotiable. Birmingham was an extra-legal situation depending for its resolution on the assumption of responsibility by moderate local elements. What is in issue at the University of Alabama is the execution of binding court orders. Therein lies a crucial difference. Attitudes of caution, aimed at inducing consent to just, but not legally binding, demands would be out of place here, certainly at this late date.

New Laws, New Urgency

The Birmingham crisis, and no doubt also the lead taken by liberal Republican Senators in urging new legislation, have caused the Administration to let it be known that new civil rights bills are being prepared. What he had in mind, the President suggested at his press conference, was some legal outlet for the frustrations that bring the Negroes out into the street. But the Negroes come out because – very properly – they want change at a rate, and perhaps in ways, which are beyond the capacity of law to provide. The President wants a legal remedy. But one must guard against remedies that are illusory, that tend to relieve the frustrations, not of the Birmingham Negroes, but of the Administration and of Northern liberals, and hence are worse than no legal remedies at all.

At the Justice Department it is said that new legislation on schools and on segregation at lunch counters and other commercial establishments are under consideration. A statute offering a Congressional solution to the general problem of the limits of a private right to discriminate, with which the Supreme Court is struggling and which it did not solve in the May 20 decisions, would of course be desirable. But a new law would scarcely solve the problem outright, for its validity would be subject to litigation, and its enforcement would not be easy. The point is not that the Administration should not try for such a statute (Senators Cooper and Dodd are doing so anyway), but that if one is passed, neither the Administration nor the public should view the problem as solved, or should regard further agitation and mass marches as unjustified.

On schools, the Justice Department appears to be thinking of authority to initiate, and participate in working out, desegregation plans. But as this Journal has repeatedly pointed out, there is no need just now to consume Congressional energies and arouse Congressional passions with such a proposal. The Office of Education in HEW has sufficient authority under existing statutes, and the Administration should simply make a start on its own in this direction. Of course it would be desirable to have a statute, just as it would be good to institutionalize by statute the kind of mediation and conciliation work that Assistant Attorney General Marshall did in Birmingham. But these are long-range needs. In the short run, the focus is on the full use of existing executive powers.

Finally, there is also a perennial proposal that Senator Javits and others have revived. At present, the Attorney General has statutory authority to bring suit, independently of the filing of private suits, only in voting cases. The proposal is to extend that authority to school and perhaps to lunch-counter cases as well, and it raises important problems that need separate and lengthy discussion. Suffice it to say that the analogy to the voting cases is not automatic, that it is not at all clear that in many situations the government may not have adequate authority to sue even without statutory provision, and that the granting of blanket authority by statute would not be an unmixed blessing.

Yet the deep frustration and the sense of urgency to which the Administration seems to be responding by proposing inadequate or unnecessary legislation undoubtedly exists in the Negro community. That sense of frustration and urgency was put before the Attorney General in a meeting he had with certain Negro intellectuals, headed by James Baldwin, which came to

"What Do You Mean, 'Not So Fast'?"

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light last week. The meeting seems to have been characterized – so Mr. Baldwin indicated – by a certain failure of communication. They were not impressed, nor was the Attorney General, for he is a doer and little can be *done*, least of all by proposing legislation, to meet an urgency boiling up out of long-suppressed frustration. The suggestion – also made editorially by *The New York Times* – that the President personally accompany a Negro applicant to the University of Alabama campus was apparently put to Robert Kennedy. He was right to reject it. Mr. Eisenhower was urged to lead children by the hand into Central High School in Little Rock in 1957. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower should have done so, for then the durability as law of the Supreme Court segregation decision was in question, and a Presidential gesture of any sort in support of the Court's law was sorely needed. We are past this point now. The principle of school integration is now enduring law beyond question. Direct challenges to it now need to be met by physical force; nothing less or different will do.

Mr. Baldwin is also said to have suggested that the President go on the stump, as it were, in support of civil rights generally. He is asking the Executive to back political leadership with emotional fervor. In other words, the demand is not that the Administration do something, but that it *be* something. The demand is understandable and should be met. The President showed passion against Mr. Blough of US Steel, and he must show it against the "Bull" Connors and the Wallaces of the South. He showed controlled passion and power in the Cuban crisis, he can put passion and power into a summons to the country, North and South, to do battle against the domestic scourge of social and economic inequality. Just before the inauguration of Mr. Kennedy, it was suggested that a modern Emancipation Proclamation, honoring the 100th anniversity of Lincoln's, would not be amiss. The idea still has merit. Such a paper could be made the vehicle of fervent national identification with the total aspiration – not just the legal right – of the American Negro.

A Vietnamese Speaks Out

by Nguyen Thai

About this time ten years ago, a Vietnamese political exile named Ngo Dinh Diem was about to move to Belgium, leaving the Maryknoll Seminary in Lakewood, New Jersey, where he had resided for over a year. He told friends he had not been able to persuade the Americans to support a "nationalist solution" in Vietnam. The US Government, he said, stubbornly persisted in its military and economic support of the French in Indochina, although no revolutionary guerrilla war could be won with guns and money alone. The French, Diem charged, were bluffing the Americans with their anti-Communist propaganda. If the French were sincerely concerned about the spread of Communism in the world, Diem argued, they could begin their anti-Communist campaign in France itself.

By an irony of history the same Ngo Dinh Diem, who today approves of American GI's dying in Vietnam to keep him in power, cannot tolerate any suggestion for political reform. Vietnamese nationalists, who try to warn the Americans about a dangerous repetition of the French "anti-Communist" policy before Dien Bien Phu, are considered more "subversive" by Diem than the Communists themselves. Those he can find in Vietnam he throws into his famed "re-education camps." Those abroad are labeled "agents of imperialism," "traitors to the nation," "irresponsible runaways," "Communist agents," etc. Diem has expelled from Vietnam the better-informed Western correspondents who have given the lie to its foreign-beamed stories. Among the recent victims of "Free Vietnam's" managed news policy were Homer Bigart of *The New York Times*, Rene Inagaki of the AP, Francois Sully of *Newsweek*, James Robinson of NBC.

That the Saigon government, which is tightly controlled by the Ngo family, seeks to bluff the American public is only natural: the US is the source of its political, financial and military power. The American public contributes an average of $2 million *a day* and some 12,000 military "advisers" to the war in South Vietnam. What puzzles us Vietnamese is that so many Americans have been taken in by Diem's bluff.

According to the constitution of the Republic of Vietnam the president may be re-elected twice. Since each term is five years, Diem could theoretically serve until 1976. In case of his death, the vice president would constitutionally take over the presidential office. But

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Vice President Nguyen Ngoc Tho is not within The Family; no one, therefore, expects that he would be allowed to succeed Diem. In case of President Diem's demise, were the Ngo family still in control, it seems most likely that his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, would succeed him. In fact, during the past year, Ngo Dinh Nhu, officially a political adviser of the president, has behaved publicly like an alternate president of the Republic. Nhu and his wife already live in the presidential palace. He has long been making decisions and exercising power on behalf of his brother. His wife has, to say the least, been an active First Lady of the Republic. Another brother, Ngo Dinh Can, acts as Viceroy of Central Vietnam.

Should Ngo Dinh Nhu succeed President Diem he would be even more unpopular than the incumbent. He would also be even more difficult to deal with; he has a well-earned anti-American reputation. He recently told Warren Unna of *The Washington Post* that "at least 50 percent of the US troops in Vietnam are not absolutely necessary in the field" and that "many [who] died here are cases of soldiers who exposed themselves too readily."

In the minds of most Vietnamese there is now no doubt that Diem places the Ngo family's interest above the survival of South Vietnam as a non-Communist state, and by shrewdly playing the anti-Communist game he has succeeded in blackmailing the Americans and the Vietnamese into supporting him. In Diem's usage "Communist" has many meanings. A group of peasants killed by accident in a military operation may be counted as "Communists" to magnify the success of the government. "Communists" may mysteriously kill some Vietnamese or even foreigners who seem to know too much about what is going on. It has become very difficult in Vietnam to distinguish real Communists from the pseudo-Communists, a fact which delights the authentic variety. Perhaps the most abusive use of the term "Communist" is in connection with Vietnamese who are critical of the Diem regime: They are imprisoned, the majority without trial, in the infamous "re-education camps" whose budget in 1962 was equivalent to twice the combined budgets of Saigon and Hue Universities. The number of "Communists" in these camps is a tightly-kept secret, but the most conservative estimates exceed 20,000.

It may be helpful to remind anti-Communist Americans that in recent years the Diem regime has been confronted by increasing opposition from its more anti-Communist followers. The unsuccessful *coup d'état* of November 11, 1960, was engineered by anti-Communist officers and executed by crack paratrooper battalions with an impressive record of fighting the Communists. The February, 1962, aerial bombing (prelude to an abortive *coup)* involved a number of well-trained anti-Communist officers. The Vietnamese political exiles in Cambodia, France and the US also include many capable former collaborators of Diem, who are anti-Communist. These ministers, generals, ambassadors and high-ranking officials who broke with Diem are for the most part nationalists who became bitterly disillusioned with Diem's policies which they believe are leading South Vietnam inexorably into the Communist orbit.

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The Secret Convention

Diem also uses the real Communist threat as an explanation for all his failures. By 1956, he had full control in South Vietnam and the country was behind him, but he did not know how to give content to his vague political ideology of "personalism." He devoted much time to working out with his brother, Nhu, beautiful speeches on underdevelopment, nationalism and democracy. He spent long hours checking insignificant details of administration and preventing his subordinates from exercising initiative. He was in a way his own worst enemy; yet he found it expedient to blame the lack of progress on the Communists.

Diem's anti-Communism is primarily for export. Let me give as an illustration the secret convention of the *Can Lao* Party on March 27, 1958. At this important meeting, the Secretary General of the party, Ngo Dinh Nhu, discussed with Vietnamese comrades the strategies and tactics of the Diem regime in dealing with the people and with Communist subversive agents. It was an important briefing not only because of the topics discussed but because the *Can Lao* Party members represent the core of the regime – those secret cadres who are supposed to mold opinion and guide the action of the nation.

This is the gist of what Ngo Dinh Nhu told the *Can Lao* Party members: First, toward the people, the government's business is not to protect them from Communist terrorism; they can never be so protected since a band of three Communist terrorists is enough to make trouble. Furthermore, it does not matter whether the people like or dislike the government; our main task is to preserve our power. Next, toward the Communists who have heavily infiltrated our ranks, we should not try to track them down and arrest them. We can never eliminate them; new heads will replace those cut down, just like the seven-headed snake of the legend. We should not waste our time on re-educating the Communist agents, because very few will be

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convinced by our efforts. Finally, we need not distribute good guns to the village civil guard and local militia, because they will become easy prey for the Communists. We should only increase our intelligence operations and preserve our power.

A number of *Can Lao* Party members asked President Diem to comment on Nhu's instructions. Whatever it was he said to them, a few weeks later both verbal and written instructions were secretly sent from Saigon to the province chiefs, ordering them to stop wasting time in detecting and eliminating the Communist strongholds in the countryside.

Another incident, which took place in 1959, involved the shipping of tons of badly-needed rice to North Vietnam. This shipment was not requested by the International Control Commission implementing the Geneva agreement. It was strictly a black-market operation, one which received the secret assistance of the local authorities in Central Vietnam. When the whole affair was uncovered, a few administrative scapegoats, no higher than an obedient secretary-general of public works who had to sign the papers for transport, were "punished severely to give a good example to the nation" as some local newspapers put it. The members of the Ngo family involved in this shady affair were beyond the reach of the law.

"American Imperialism"

For those Americans who believe in nothing but the printed word, it may be more convincing to recall a few events which have been reported in the international press. Take for instance the reactions of the Saigon regime to the recommendations of Washington following the Taylor mission in October, 1961. At that time it was reported that Washington was thinking of requesting President Diem to make political reforms necessary to victory. There was immediately unleashed in Saigon a well-coordinated campaign of editorial attacks against "American imperialism." In unison the local newspapers, including *The Times of Vietnam* – now edited by American friends of Nhu – attacked the US in language identical with Hanoi's. The campaign continued until Washington stopped talking about the need for political reform.

Though perhaps belatedly, the recently-published report of the mission to Southeast Asia headed by Sen. Mike Mansfield underlines the need for a political solution in South Vietnam. This report reminds Americans that "however large such aid may be, it will not suffice without a great mobilization of selfless Vietnamese leadership in all parts of the country and at all levels." It confirms that present political practices in Vietnam are "in many respects authoritarian" and that the leadership has been unable to mobilize the nation's capacity for self-sacrifice, a self-sacrifice "essential for the survival of freedom within Vietnam."

Increasingly direct American military involvement in the anti-guerrilla warfare within the past few months will only make a political solution more difficult in the long run. The presence of American whirlybirds with American pilots in Vietnamese villages serves to confirm Communist propaganda that this is a war of the Vietnamese peasantry against "American imperialism"; if the helicopter is shot down, this provides confirmation for the charges that really America is only a "paper tiger." The use of napalm bombs or of the new technique of destroying crops by aerial spraying may indeed kill or starve some Communist sympathizers, but it will manufacture thousands more.

The Mansfield report's advocacy of "orderly reduction" of American aid may exert subtle pressure on the Saigon leadership. Yet any policy based on the continuance in power of the Ngo family will fail to inspire the Vietnamese people into joining the effort to stop subversion and to develop their country.

One must frankly admit that any change of political leadership now might mean temporary instability. But this has become the lesser of the two evils. The real choice is between two unpalatable alternatives: risking change in the interest of survival, or accepting collapse through deterioration of the *status quo*.

There was a time when an "ideal" solution of reforms from within the Diem regime and by its own volition could be expected. Today that solution is nothing more than wishful thinking. Under more favorable conditions in the past, Diem refused to initiate reforms; there is no reason to expect he will change his ways. In these circumstances, any pressure on Diem for reforms is useful only if it prepares the way for an eventual change in political leadership.

This question of orderly transition of political authority would be important even if there were no Communist threat. It becomes more acute because of the presence of Communist subversion and widespread demoralization of the anti-Communist forces which refuse to fight for the self-perpetuation of an unpopular regime. I would therefore beg the Americans to use the time dearly bought with Vietnamese blood (and now American blood too) and American dollars to prepare South Vietnam for a new stage in her political evolution. Leadership must be based on something broader than a family or a clique; it must innovate a political style which appreciates merit more than skillful intrigue; it must submit to a rule of law rather than relying on the proclaimed infallibility of one man. Unless practical ways and means are immediately devised to help that type of leadership come to the top, the anti-Communist struggle in South Vietnam will get nowhere. Here, in the internal crisis of political leadership,

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is the danger. By comparison, the Ho Chi Minh trail through Laos is a deserted jungle path.

There may still be time to redress the situation. The following practical measures could guide the South Vietnam war toward a more hopeful outcome. First, a way must be found to eliminate the unnecessary toll of war casualties (some 60,000 lives on both sides for the year 1962). Second, international solutions, involving the UN intervention if necessary, must be explored to arrive at a peaceful *modus vivendi* between the two parts of Vietnam. Third, practical steps must be taken to reduce the part of foreign aid which goes into corruption and waste, while retaining the essential share needed for assuring the survival of South Vietnam. Fourth, long-range plans must be made to reduce gradually foreign dependence so that the Republic's independence becomes a visible reality.

The growing strength of Communist forces in South Vietnam and the declining popularity of the Diem regime are fast bringing us to a point of no return. Because of the tremendous assistance given by the US to Diem, America is in large part responsible for the direction of events. But it is the Vietnamese who will bear the consequences – Communist rule – if unpopular and ineffective government continues to be supported by the United States. Vietnamese "reformers," both inside and outside the Saigon government, cannot improve the situation unless the United States convinces the Vietnamese people that it will no longer "sink or swim with Diem."

The Up-to-the-Minute Situation in "Chaos"

We have taken the following report on a troubled South Asian country from an entertaining spoof of television "news" shows produced a short time ago under the title "What's Going on Here?" and broadcast over WNEW-TV, New York, WTTG-TV, Washington, D. C., and KMBC-TV in Kansas City.

Moderator: Last year the United Nations appointed a commission consisting of Britain, Russia, and Nepal to supervise the maintaining of a cease-fire, which has not yet been signed. Our reporter talked with the British member of the Commission, Sir George Spodes, who is following the situation closely from his Devonshire cottage.

Interviewer: Sir George, I gather that what originally happened was that when Souvanna Nosavan took over from Song Phoumi, the Communist Pathet Lao under the leadership of Phoumi Savannphong revolted and joined with the neutralists under Ping Lee to attack Souvanna Diem, who in turn allied himself with the pro-Western Bon Doum in order to break up the leftist coalition of Phoumi Savannaphong and Ping Lee. This is the situation as it stands at present, is it not?

Spodes: Not entirely, no. In the first place, the Pathet Lao was originally neutralist and not Communist and under the command of Ping Lee and not Phoumi Savannavong. Ping Lee came into the situation later with the Pathet Lao to attack Souvanna Diem when his brother Bon Doum (who is a neutralist rather than pro-Western) joined with Phoumi Savannavong after the assassination of Quinim Pholema, his uncle.

Interviewer: After Ping Lee's aide, Colonel Ketsana Vongsavong had joined Souvanna Diem?

Spodes: Exactly. Well up to then it had all been simple enough. The situation only became complicated when Phoumi Savannavong and Bon Doum, together with Ping Lee and the Pathet Lao, were reinforced by the Communist Viet Minh from North Vietnam and Souvanna Diem and Ketsana Vongsavong applied for military aid from Amorinca – I mean America.

Interviewer: Phoumi Savannavong is Bon Doum's half-brother?

Spodes: No. Then under pressure from Washington, Souvanna Diem offered a post in the government to Bon Doum who defected from Phoumi Savannavong taking Ping Lee with him. At that point, Bon Doum's military adviser Khram Mung was assassinated as a reprisal for the murder of Quinim Pholema, and as a reprisal for that Col. Ketsana Vongsavong was killed by leftist dissident Neutralists. This tended to inflame the situation rather than anything else.

Interviewer: What is the military situation at present?

Spodes: A trifle cloudy. The Loyalists are of course under continuous pressure from Communist Viet Cong guerrillas, who have infiltrated most of the villages, but meanwhile in the Plain of Cans, which is of immense strategic importance, naturally, since it controls the approach to Xhong Khang, Ping Lee who is now opposed to the Pathet Lao rather than being its leader as before, is fighting a battle against heavy odds. The Pathet Lao, backed by the new pro-Communist Neo Lao Hak Xat Party under Phoumi Savannavong, has a brilliant new commander, the expert guerrilla General Sinkapo, who is believed to have heavy reinforcements from the Viet Minh and their leader King Kong, who is of course the biggest guerrilla of them all.

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Britain after World Power—I

A Life Across the Transition

by Oscar Gass

"I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death. And the cause of this, is not always that a man hopes for a more intensive delight, than he has already attained to; or that he cannot be content with a moderate power: but because he cannot assure the power and means to live well, which he hath present, without the acquisition of more. And from hence it is, that kings, whose power is greatest, turn their endeavours to the assuring it at home by laws, or abroad by wars . . ."

Thomas Hobbes, 1651

In January 1945, Winston Churchill designated John Anderson, later first Viscount Waverley, to become Prime Minister if both Churchill and Eden were killed. Anderson died in 1958, at the age of 75. In 1960, Harold Macmillan recalled Anderson's reputation as ". . . the greatest of Civil Servants of his – and perhaps any – age." Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, here the capable and informative official biographer, conceives Anderson's life as a triumph of high intelligence, concentrated effort, integrity and unmatched sagacity. "It is as the last great calm Roman figure of our country that he will be remembered. *Gravitas* he had, but nothing of *hubris*. . . . Wisdom and integrity. . . . Everything he did was backed by an unshakeable moral certainty . . ."

John Anderson, Viscount Waverley
by John W. Wheeler-Bennett
(St. Martin's; $10)

In the measure that we share the standards of Anderson and his biographer, the evaluations quoted above will seem – at least partly – sound. But if we are guided, in some considerable degree, by other standards, our judgments will not be settled by the appreciations of Anderson's eminent colleagues and the piety of his official biographer. We may then see this life in a quite different perspective, framed by two large and sombre developments: first, the extinguishing of British world power, and second, the gathering tensions of a British society deeply unhappy with its inherited class divisions but unable to find a path out of them, perhaps equally unhappy with its inherited capitalism but having felt little joy in what it has experienced of socialism. How does Anderson's career relate to these larger themes? By their light, how are we to see him?

John Anderson was born in Edinburgh, to a family which rose to middle-class competence during his boyhood. At the university, he carried off medals and prizes. Initially intending a career in scientific research, he gave it up for the greater financial security of the Civil Service. In the competitive examination, he received the second highest score ever awarded. From 1905, he served, with steadily increasing rank, first in the Colonial Office, then in the newly created National Insurance Commission, and later in war administration. In 1919, when he was 37, he was given a real Civil Service plum by being made Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. A year later, he became actual head of the administration of insurrectionary Ireland, at Dublin Castle. In 1922, he was made Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Office, and in 1926 he emerged as one of the handful of key government officials who overcame threatened paralysis by General Strike. (Then it was that he acquired true eminence, though only in official circles.) From 1932 to 1937, he was Governor of Bengal. In 1938 he replaced Ramsay MacDonald as Member of Parliament for the Scottish Universities, labelling himself a "non-party" supporter of the National Government. Chamberlain made him Lord Privy Seal, with special responsibility for Civil Defense. After Anderson's one setback (in the deep shelter controversy), Churchill named him Lord President of the Council, in charge of co-ordinating war-time economic policy, and later Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the post-war years, he accumulated a title and money. Churchill could not lure him back into government, by the offer of a Cabinet post, after the defeat of Labour in 1951. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett explains: ". . . he had had little opportunity of building up capital. He was now in the way of doing so and he could barely afford to resign his present array of lucrative directorships as he would have to do if he re-entered the Cabinet." A man may perhaps be known by what he can not afford to give up.

Anderson was an administrator. He does not seem to have been much concerned about what in particular he was administering. Wheeler-Bennett mentions this outlook especially in connection with Anderson's decade as Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Office. "He was interested more in the art of administering than in the subject administered. He had, for example, no personal enthusiasm for penal reform. His inclination was to administer efficiently and smoothly within the limits of existing policy . . . [Therefore] when he departed after ten years, he left little imprint of his personality on the Department." If he left little, he seems also to have carried little away – unless it was assurance of the justice and efficacy of capital punishment. Others might have opinions; he had moral and factual certainty. During eighteen years

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of capital sentences, there had never been an error! And he *knew* the punishment deterred.

But there seems insufficient reason to distinguish what Anderson carried away from the Home Office from what he carried away earlier from the National Insurance Commission. There too his biographer is lost in admiration over Anderson's inexhaustible knowledge and unerring judgment. "Whatever the subject was, his knowledge of it tended to be so encyclopaedic as to flatten all other contestants." But there is no contemporary evidence that Anderson had any general *ideas* concerning national insurance. Only in 1942, when he speaks in Parliament on the Beveridge Plan, do we get the first glimpse of what he had learned three decades earlier, in the brilliance of youth. Where, he asks, is the money to be found? May not postwar employment be too low to permit the suggested level of insurance payments? Would it not be better to wait? The Roman sage, in his expertise, matched the wisdom of his contemporary editorial writers in the *Wall Street Journal*.

Wheeler-Bennett presents a figure of Olympian equanimity and capacity. "He was never irritable or impatient; never seemed depressed or exhilarated." And again, "His serene calm . . . and the incisive clarity of his decisions . . . filled his subordinates with admiring wonder and inspired his colleagues with confidence. . . . Of all men in public life he was most serenely possessed of the Roman virtue of *gravitas*, a natural moral power exuding from him in the shape of visible dignity and authority." Yet he did not evoke universal admiration. A subordinate is quoted: "If that's the kind of man they have in the Civil Service I am afraid I have come into the wrong profession." And he made few friends. "It is not known," Wheeler-Bennett says, "that he ever entertained his colleagues [in the Home Office] at his private house, and it was rarely that he asked them to lunch at his Club." Indeed, ". . . he had it not in him to evoke affection, or even friendship among his fellow workers. . . ." Yet only once, breaking the harmony of oft-repeated *gravitas*, does Wheeler-Bennett suggest that something may have gone badly wrong in this personality. "His imperturbability seemed sometimes to be carried to the point of unwillingness to think ahead; his analytical and administrative cogency to be matched by a lack of creative power; his fairness and balance to arise to some extent from a lack of excitement or any feeling of involvement."

If Anderson was detached from the friendships and affections of his colleagues, he was not more engaged – in sympathy, imagination or intellect – by distant objects. He served in Ireland during the bitter years 1920-22. Did anything there hit his fancy or draw his emotion? If it did, that attachment remained unexpressed. After the Boundary Commission of 1925, the name Ireland does not appear again in the 32 years that remained of Anderson's life. He did not read books. He will therefore not have read Yeats or Joyce or indeed any contemporary imaginative writer (though Wheeler-Bennett tells us he *had* read Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson). Even as a young civil servant, he read – apart from the contents of his "Incoming" box – only *The Daily Chronicle* and *The Evening News*. As an older man, he was interested in the finance of institutions for performing music and for the visual arts, but he seems never to have had an amateur's interest in any art. He was not religious – only conventionally observing. Were his sympathies engaged by India, where he served five years? It is not clear. There is no record of any Indian friend, but he did not make friends. He opposed Attlee's acceleration of Indian independence, and he wished to preserve the separate Indian States. But in these things he was at one with the general opinion of the Opposition to the Labour Government. Only once is he reported to have been deeply moved by a political event: that was in 1940, when he feared the fall of Chamberlain's cabinet. "He was shocked and dismayed at the prospect of the Government's downfall and expressed . . . his conviction that so blatant an exhibition of divided opinion . . . would create political disorder at home and afford aid and comfort to the enemy."

When Anderson stood for Parliament in 1938, he had an extraordinary opportunity to state his political views in a deliberate form and to a constituency which could appreciate reasoned argument. His electors were the graduates of the Universities of St. Andrews,

The Impoverishment

The impoverishment of the weather between
this blade and that harasses the dried blood.
The trivial harbingers deride their blocks-and-tackle,
and the cuttings stifle at the awkwardness
of necks sloping down revolutions.
The dried blood left to its own belittlement
in last resource awaits the cosmetician
who surviving the impoverished weather
and the blankbladed combatants flips
this flesh and that to select what wound
may justify the slander of color
in a courtless trial he will compound
for and of dried blood scrapings neither
marked nor replenished; for what love
he may bear his own bowing finger clientele
can neither be reflected nor traced on
the speculum for want of the weather in his throat:
"How did I get history on my hands?"
The dried blood, its last resource forgotten,
endures, then, forever in the impoverishment
of the weather; and the last to be murdered
have not looked so well in many a year.

Gil Orlovitz

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Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. And his election address was not an oral communication but a prepared essay, which went out by mail. If the result was, as it seems to me, a document almost unbearably commonplace and platitudinous, one is compelled to the conclusion that these were the essential characteristics of Anderson's mind, in politics.

> "I present myself as a convinced supporter of the National Government . . . I feel that today it is the men who count, even more than the policies to which they stand committed, so long as they pursue courses calculated to unite rather than divide the various classes and sections in the community . . . My past experience compels me to look upon Parliamentary Government as essentially a practical affair. When it comes down to serious business there is, I have found, little room for fads and fancies or for those political nostrums that merely make a transient and meretricious appeal."

As a Minister, Anderson could not manage question period. He had no gift for repartee, and he could not avoid talking down. "Don't talk to us as though we were a lot of niggers," a Labour Member once shouted to him across the floor of the House. But Anderson was not visibly disturbed. He had chosen his company. And by the time his second election campaign came around, in 1945, he had achieved the conventional Tory note. "Therefore I say, let us pin our faith to free enterprise which has served us well in the past, on which our prosperity has been built and which has inspired our spirit of adventure. . . ."

Anderson's political career closed in an episode of incomprehension so profound as to move to pity. In November, 1951, just after the electoral defeat of Labour, the chairmanship of the Royal Commission on Taxation and Profits became vacant. As Anderson would not surrender his directorships for a Cabinet position, Churchill thought to give him this chairmanship. The Labour Party protested. This Commission, Labour argued, should get a Chairman ". . . of acknowledged impartiality, of no political bias, and accustomed to the exercise of judicial functions." Anderson, Labour said, ". . . has shown by his political speeches and by his bearing in the 1945-50 House of Commons, that he holds strong political opinions corresponding broadly to the right wing of the Conservative Party" and he is consequently ". . . quite unsuited to fill the post." Anderson was shocked and wounded. Was he not above party? Had he not always held National views, remote from all partisan interests? True he was now loaded with City directorships, but was he not above being influenced by that? In pain, he withdrew. His biographer writes: "No event in the otherwise serene and successful post-war life of John Anderson caused him such offence and such spiritual laceration as this episode. It was, he considered, an affront both to his dignity and his integrity . . ."

Integrity? Anderson appears not to have been a man of warm sympathies, of great imagination, or of originality in thought. He was a man of business. Are we to deny him integrity also? We are not called upon to be judges of persons. But we do need to set our own minds in order. Therefore we must ask whether "integrity" is not the wrong word here. Perhaps both Anderson and his biographer exaggerated the extent to which integrity – rather than self-assurance – is a Roman characteristic. Wheeler-Bennett portrays Anderson as a man who seldom, if ever, looked at himself in doubt. Is a meaningful moral and political integrity possible where there has been so little effort at critical self-knowledge?

This is the first section of a three-part essay by Mr. Gass.

The Man Who Hates Publishers

by Murray Kempton

No hope of private gain could have dictated this biography; Westbrook Pegler is past all probability of rescue by fashion. Mr. Pilat must have been drawn to his subject by one of those lonely impulses which are their own testaments of personal and professional honor. He is a newspaper reporter writing about the journey of another newspaper reporter with respect and a sense of duty to the history of an industry whose institutions seldom have a history that is not commissioned by their publishers. Westbrook Pegler's mature years have been a long cry that values like these have departed; and that "nowadays money is all that interests writers"; there is an unexpected justice in his having a biographer like this one.

Westbrook Pegler:
Angry Man of the Press
by Oliver Pilat
(Beacon; $5)

One of Pilat's advantages is that he knows so much and that he takes for granted what he knows under the illusion that everyone else knows it. He will throw away as asides points about the practice of journalism which his lessers would inflate into whole themes; as an instance: "Particularly in later years, Pegler placed great stress upon his independence, but, *like any newspaperman*, he tended to absorb by osmosis the beliefs of his boss."

That is a lesson learned only by working for newspapers. The heart of the mystery with Pegler is that he worked so long for newspapers and thought hard about very little else, and still he never learned this simplest fact from the experience.

The reason must be that to admit this knowledge would have been insupportable to him. He had to resist it. Arthur Pegler, his father, was an itinerant worker on Midwestern newspapers; stern at home, combative in saloons, but most of the time a tractable employee. During the first World War, Arthur Pegler wrote a magazine article on yellow journalism; a Hearst paper, he said then, sounded like "a screaming woman running down the street with her throat cut." He was fired at once by the Chicago Hearst paper for which he then worked. He recovered from this horrid fall into freedom to live thereafter in harness. Pilat traces Arthur Pegler to the city room of

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Hearst's *Daily Mirror* when he was in his seventies; occasionally he wrote editorials, in which sacred function he would "confer ill-naturedly with Frank Farley, the paper's political expert, over how things should be phrased to avoid annoying 'the high priest' " – meaning the managing editor. Ill-natured but accepting, Arthur Pegler worked into his eighties, after which his employers certified him as a legend and retired him with $780 in severance pay.

Westbrook Pegler was fired for good last year, for the same cause that once got his father fired: he cursed the Hearsts in public for defiling the product. By then he was in his late sixties; it took him that long to discover what his father had known and had accepted as part of the game.

But there was one special difference between them. Westbrook Pegler had an Irish mother, and there would always be something in his life to call back Yeats' memoirs of the failed poets he knew in the nineties. They were Scotch most of them; but there is the same Irish Jacobite madness of *great hatred, little room,* and there are the same passions larger than the narrow streets on which they were appointed to walk. With them we feel ourselves among Westbrook Pegler's true precursors: John Davidson who told Yeats in the British Museum, "the fires are out; I must hammer the cold anvil" and, most particularly, Macgregor Mathers, whom Yeats met on the streets of Paris wearing his Highland clothes "with several knives in his stocking" and who explained, "when I am dressed like this, I feel like a walking flame."

The attempt to feel like a walking flame has been the business of Westbrook Pegler's life. Journalism is not the proper place to try that experiment. The American reporter has a better chance of acceptance as a gentlemen and an equal than his colleagues anywhere in the world, but it is a chance spacious only by comparison.

Pilat finds just one instance of a private conversation between Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Westbrook Pegler: " 'Now look, West', said F.D.R. at one point, gesturing with his cigarette holder. That tore it . . . 'What was that, Frank?', [Pegler] replied, glowering'." Pegler sat at that moment as the incarnate representative of the outraged dignity of his craft. Few journalists of his time have been truer to the concept of craft dignity than Pegler has.

Yet none came to it and preserved it with less reason; Pegler's childhood and apprenticeship were one long argument against it. It is scarcely conceivable that the image of Arthur Pegler as untrammeled spirit could have survived the sight of Arthur Pegler in the office. Westbrook Pegler began life for himself with a Scripps-Howard paper in Des Moines and passed on to the United Press; Pilat makes it clear that these were animal existences. He must have been one of those men of special fibre who endure sweatshops and keep a fierce and unreasonable pride of craft, hating their employers no less for turning out a bad product than for exploiting them. The resentments of such men are peculiarly unappeasable by a social system which might be able to mollify their material resentment as workers but can only further outrage their pride as craftsmen because its reason for existence is to distribute more and more goods of worse and worse quality every year.

From his youth at the United Press, Pegler has drawn this holy memory: "We had no assurance of pay during illness, no vacations and no severance. . . . I never knew such an outfit of workers. You could hardly sweep us out of the office." This ideal of work, incessant, consuming, unrelated to gain or glory, lives on in Pegler; we almost forget that he is talking about the newsroom of a wire service. Heywood Broun thought it unreasonable for Westbrook Pegler to sit for eight hours with the blood running into his shoes for nothing more consequential than the fabrication of a newspaper column; Westbrook Pegler found it sacriligious that Heywood Broun would cast off in 40 minutes something so extraordinary as a newspaper column.

All sense of proportion argues that Broun was right; nothing argues for Pegler except what is left of us from the way we felt when we were young. To have been young and a reporter and to have met Westbrook Pegler was to have been surprised at how gentle he

Her eyes tell you why...

Perceptive, intelligent, serious – so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of this American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a $10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

SCF

Save The Children Federation, Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐ Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child. Enclosed is contribution of $____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. NR 6-8-3

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was, and how glad to see you. Tristan, I suppose, was like that when he met young men in the fit of first love and swearing that they would live no other way; and then they would go away and get fat and bulge at conventions of the Association of Former Knights Errant or give lectures on their adventures in the Middle East or endorse candidates for King; and Tristan would sit there, still held by that old potion, and he would hate them and quite properly too.

Pilat tells us that in the thirties Westbrook Pegler was traveling to Poughkeepsie and met the mother of a friend. "'Will you see the President?', she asked. 'I hope not', he answered. 'Why not?' 'Because he bemuses me'." Anyone outside the newsroom was the enemy tempter.

Here is one of the few American workingmen who has heroically and stubbornly struggled to remain class-conscious. I know he is not thought of that way; even Pegler thinks of himself as a Tory, but he is correct only if he means that word in its precise original sense, which was to designate a Popish outlaw who, from pride and necessity, offered his resistance to Oliver Cromwell from an Irish bog.

A cold, proud bias for the athlete as against the promoter – for the craftsman as against the merchandiser – informed Pegler's work as a sports writer in the twenties. He was not a Marxist sports writer, but something better, an anarcho-syndicalist one. It is 44 years since the Chicago White Sox threw a World Series, but the Westbrook Pegler who would rail at a Postmaster-General if he stole a five-cent stamp still thinks of Joe Jackson and Hal Chase as workmen so badly paid that taking bribes was only a way to get back a bit of their own. It was hard for him to believe that an athlete who took had violated the meaning of his life and the honor of his sport, since that meaning and honor seemed to Pegler to have been already violated by his employer.

Scripps-Howard raised – or more precisely dissipated – him into the station of general columnist in December of 1933. An argument might be made that Pegler owed this elevation to Franklin D. Roosevelt; in any atmosphere except the one which Roosevelt was creating, a newspaper syndicate would hardly offer as public educator a columnist of Pegler's peculiar credentials. His first general column began, "As a member of the rabble. . . ." He had not completed high school; the most distinguished scholar of his close acquaintance was either Al Munro Elias, the baseball statistician, or Nat Fleisher, the boxing historian. Now, Will Rogers was also a common man and he had been a popular columnist in the twenties; but he had specialized in the message a proprietor wants most to hear from his chattel, *i.e.* "I never met a man I didn't like." But Pegler was the common man with a grievance; in him, the resigned wisdom of simple folk came out as the snarl which is so often their real private speech.

The national new beginning of 1933 infected him with that misapprehension which was the most disabling distraction of his career. President Roosevelt is still blamed by the unreconciled for developing class hatred in Americans; but his true consequence was to weaken and confuse the class sense of the ordinary citizen beyond any hope of recovery. The strongest illusion the common man drew from the New Deal had little to do with socialism; it was instead a mistaken faith that he was emerging to own property and be independent. Under Herbert Hoover, Westbrook Pegler knew that he worked for a living at his boss' mercy; under Franklin Roosevelt, he thought himself a free man and his own proprietor.

His quarrel with the American Newspaper Guild, really a quarrel with Broun, is admirably reviewed by Mr. Pilat and might be summarized as a case study in this misconception. In the spring of 1937, Broun was ready to strike *The New York World-Telegram*, which seemed illogical to Pegler, because he and Broun were not ordinary employees but independent contractors. Their difference was that Pegler trusted Roy Howard, their publisher, as an old friend and an equal. Pegler broke with the Guild on that issue, first among others, in 1937. Seven years later, his distaste for unions had made him a commercial liability in New York.

"In 1944," Pilat instructs us, "Roy Howard visited David Dubinsky to suggest that he was publishing a liberal paper which deserved a better circulation in the labor field. How could he get it? 'That's easy', said Dubinsky. 'Fire Pegler'."

We do not ordinarily think it the function of a representative of working men to suggest to an employer that he solve a commercial problem by firing another working man. That is because the New Deal confused us. Labor leaders happened to be among the few common men who had acquired property under the New Deal; Dubinsky and Howard shared the bond of men who really have power to hire and fire. In the end, Howard let Pegler go to Hearst; he had been an independent contractor to just the extent that a General Motors dealer is a free entrepreneur and a friend of Harlow Curtice. Pegler may have begun to understand by then how it was; that unreal quality in his public rages may have come because they were fired at targets so different from the true objects of his anger. He really hated publishers. As he grew older much of his work began to seem distracted – and in some areas even deplorable. Suddenly the rhetoric was just so much terrible evidence of an interior grievance to which the supposed object of his wrath was irrelevant. Pilat is too honest not to give us our fill of samples of Pegler when, as *The New Yorker* once said, he was writing about Mrs. Roosevelt as though she were a crooked wrestling promoter. There are values in Pegler, but they are not in his determination to offend. Brutal, remorseless rage does not liberate, it only imprisons.

I should judge that the best things from the later Pegler, both as art and social criticism, are his judgments on journalism in the fifties; how stale it was, how inoffensive it wanted to be, how mechanical it had become, how clumsy publishers were in all functions except the crook of the knee to power. Only Pegler could find the precise word for those syndicated columns which make every newspaper seem like nearly every other. He called them "packaged goods"; it was the judgment of the handcraftsman about the product which had displaced his, a thing only stamped out and distributed without touch of human hand.

His valedictory was that speech last year to the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. Pegler knew the real enemy at last – he could only talk about William Randolph Hearst, Jr., his boss – and he

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was left only an audience held together by an inflamed ignorance of who their enemy really is. He might better have delivered his testament to a convention of editors, publishers or union journalists; but the best platform was any one Pegler could get that afternoon; the point was not the scene but the words.

What could this audience have made of this judgment of the Hearst syndicate, which is not that much worse than the others?

"[King Features] is a sub-division of the Hearst empire dealing in comic books, comic strip books, sweet powders to make soda pop, toys and a very ingenious variety of dingbats for the immature."

The minimum compliment that sentence deserves is that it renders unnecessary, by the act of poetic concentration, every previous essay on mass culture.

Mr. Pilat tells a sad story, one often distracted, confused and lonely; but the dignity of its subject endures because there was in this life not one act of real betrayal. Pegler damaged himself, he wasted himself on the irrelevant, but he never told a lie that he had not told himself first.

I used to be depressed when radicals talked about Pegler and said how they wished they had him on their side. If the radical impulse is some dubious but lovely notion from one's youth and the radical faith a struggle to preserve it, chipped but whole, against every distraction of maturity, then Westbrook Pegler *was* on their side.

Most Happy Fellow

by Albert Goldman

Herbert Gold is, at 39, one of the most successful young writers in America. He has merely to set pen to paper to make publishers' and editors' hearts flutter all along that modern Grub Street that runs from the shoestring offices of the *Partisan Review* up to the sporting house milieu of *Playboy*. In little more than a decade, he has knocked off half-a-dozen novels, several volumes of short stories and essays, and is still going strong. The most glittering facet of his success, however, is his incredibly high score on the foundation-literary prize test. As the jacket of *Salt*, his latest novel, informs us:

> "Mr. Gold has received many important literary prizes including Guggenheim and Hudson Review Fellowships, an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, an O. Henry Prize and a Ford Foundation Theater Fellowship to work at the San Francisco Actor's Workshop. Recently he was one of the judges for the National Book Award in Fiction and one of the American delegates, with James Baldwin and Henry Miller, to the Formentor Prize conference."

Salt
by Herbert Gold
(Dial; $4.95)

Mr. Gold is "that most happy fellow" in America, the master of "the going thing." His stories and novels are zeroed in on a new generation who suffer early sorrow, make an early marriage, father children at an early age, and then – surrounded by the symbols of middle-class domesticity – find their hearts festering with unrealized adolescent desires. Divorced in their early thirties, cut adrift in a hustling world that "understands" but never helps, these martyrs to the American fixation on "love" wobble desperately between fantasies of suicide and a second, better union.

The one man who speaks consistently to their condition – who describes it minutely in all its embarrassingly familiar detail and yet never betrays its poignant optimism – is Herbert Gold. He finds his audience everywhere from college teachers down to nitwit Bohemians scuffling in the Village. He is the middle-brow artist in a middle-brow country, and his success is no accident.

The not-so-young people of Mr. Gold's world were reared in an optimistic age by foster-parents of the films, the radio and popular fiction. They are hooked on certain egregious fantasies and taboos that alternately lure them to the brink of dissent and anti-social behavior and then shove them back into the gears of "the system." They want *love*, and they believe that love can redeem a life that is devoid of every other traditional value. Their work is a "job," their goals are "making out," their ideal is – to put it bluntly and tritely – a series of "apocalyptic orgasms." Naturally, they are sensitive, ashamed, embarrassed – they are middle-class people, and they loathe and fear the dirtier, more self-damaging modes of dissent. Yet they are profoundly ill at ease with conventional life, which they see as a "rat race" no sooner won than lost. Their spokesman, Mr. Gold, is very clear on what they shouldn't do: first, they shouldn't succumb to their bad, loveless marriages – they should hold out for the ideal. Yet, they must not fall into the ugly, angry pattern of the Beats, the Hipsters, the Bohemians, for that would be a betrayal of their middle-class values. What, then, can they do? Well, that is the theme of *Salt*.

The book begins with the confession of Peter Hatten (not much of a Man, but very New York), a 33-year-old stockbroker who has just ended a comfortable affair with a married woman because he finds adultery inconvenient. Since Peter, like his creator, is an irrepressible but irrational optimist, he convinces himself, and the reader, that he is "on the move," heading out toward the misty shore of maturity. With "clear head, cool heart, easy dollars, useful health," Peter looks like a winner – at least, he has all the props for

"WHEN JAMES BALDWIN *voices, not his private agony, not his experience as it can correct or add to our tradition, but a sudden desire to destroy that whole tradition, then we must have the courage to defend the ideals we have, perhaps, not lived up to, but only known to be true. It takes a special courage to bear witness in this way: to oppose a better man than oneself in the service of a better creed than his.*"

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the model American bachelor: a high-ceilinged, white-walled pad on Riverside Drive, with a fine view of the Spry sign; a good job in an old, respectable brokerage firm on the "Street," and a detached, inside-dopester's view of life that never misses a flutter of the market or of a girl's heart. Forever aiming at marriage, meanwhile enjoying endless sexual promiscuity, Peter lounges about in sharp flannels, a sad but shrewd young man. His symbolic act is juggling – three, four, five oranges whirling overhead in his duplex apartment, signifying the athletic control that keeps his life from splattering like smashed fruit.

With the married lady out of his way, Peter turns instinctively to his real love-object, Dan, an old army buddy, a sucker for conventional values who is sweating out a bad marriage in Cleveland. Peter repeatedly calls Dan and flies out to see him, urging a quick end to Dan's child-embarrassed marriage. His excuse for destroying the marriage is obviously impermissible: "A man can't make Manhattan real all by himself. A fellow needs a friend."

While Peter is waiting for Dan, he plays the field, scoring remarkable successes in a rollicking Girliad. In round one, he is pitted against Elsa, a classy customer's niece who, like all well-bred girls, wants a career in the theater. After squiring her around town and exhibiting himself proudly before her – "You're simply beautiful, Petey. Ooh, naked!" – Peter lets her drift off to play a corpse in an Ionesco play. Round two sees him mixed up with Inga, an Austrian divorcée, who does marvelous imitations of the Gabor sisters and caps her act with a great one-liner: "I hear you're the most impohtent man in Hollywood." Round three pits him against a Columbia phys ed major, an affable but impervious opponent who remarks, "If I don't go to bed with a man the first time, I never do. That's because I'm fighting a tendency to promiscuity."

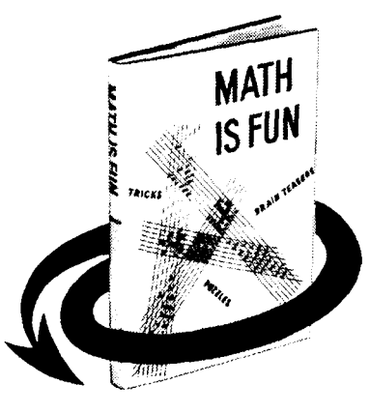
Finally Dan arrives and the two pals are together again for the first time since the War. Peter introduces Dan to a former girl friend, Barbara. "Barbara-Girl" is a sweet, Southern, eager-to-please type, and hungry Dan relishes her; but when it comes down to marriage, he balks. An amatory lull ensues and Gold, smelling the feed-troth, decides to wind up his fiction fast. Peter, suffering a nervous breakdown almost as unbelievable as his stock-market operations, climbs into bed with indulgent Barbara and gets a vicious knee in the groin from good old Dan. Having worked off their curious attachment in a dirty-fighting street brawl – significantly observed by a camping homosexual – the boys are free to go their ways. Dan and Barbara are last seen in a farmhouse, and mean old, egomaniac Peter slouches off to the hell of hauling call girls around Manhattan.

As even the barest summary of this so-called novel relieves the critic of the burden of discussing its merits and defects, I would like to concentrate on what I think is its most significant feature – its affinity with "sick" comedy. When Gold's prose – a carelessly glued together pastiche of colloquial phrases, garish images and bits of "fine" writing reeled off at a rapid-fire journalistic pace – *is* occasionally charged with imaginative vision, it projects bits of angry farce similar to the routines of today's stand-up comics. Before settling down with Barbara, Dan courts a six-foot Texan named Goneril, who plays in pornograhic films and talks in psychological jargon. The night he makes her, he dumps the drunken Goneril over the fender of a cab like a deer killed in the mountains. In another sequence, Dan catches his weekend hostess in the act of *coitus a tergo* while she stands up playing a slot machine. He has a bizarre vision of her climax – "Her small-small voice squeaked with delight when there finally came a little slippery silver stream in the trough. 'Ooh, jackpot!' she cried."

This is the sort of hostile humor we have come to associate with the "sick" comics. Lenny Bruce, for example, tells how when the Avon representative came to his house, he drugged her, stripped her, decked her out in galoshes and a mustache, ravished her, and wrote on her belly, "You were balled." Performers like Bruce, who came to prominence at exactly the same time the Beat generation began provoking angry, defensive attacks from people like Herb Gold, are perhaps America's instinctive answer to the disabling and painful contradictions of our national morality. The real anger of modern man's predicament cannot be discharged in action, lest someone get hurt; nor can it produce an enraged or tragic literature, since the unrealized desires for fast cars and fast women – the merchandise peddled by *Playboy* – is condemned by the same mind that longs for it. Therefore the conflict explodes in the angry "yok."

Like the "sicks," Gold's basic measure has become the one line stab: "Elsie had blown through his life a trial subscription to an unwanted magazine." His rhythm is the fast, jerky delivery of the stand-up comic: "I could strike up a conversation about Pechter's Russian Pumpernickel. That's what I wheeled in my cart. I could tell her all my jokes about it, my bad puns. How it supports like, it's true, it's beautiful. Beyond the Pechter Principle – Freud."

Now it isn't necessary to posit any "influences" to explain Gold's affinity with the "sick" comics; their style is



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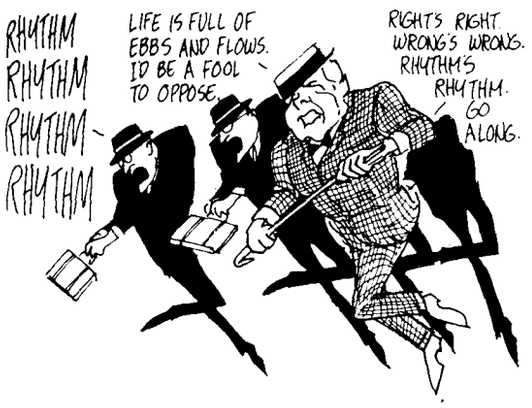
RHYTHM
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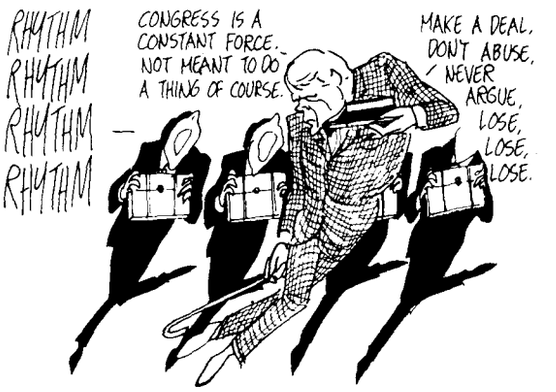
RHYTHM
LIFE IS FULL OF EBBS AND FLOWS. I'D BE A FOOL TO OPPOSE.
RIGHT'S RIGHT. WRONG'S WRONG. RHYTHM'S RHYTHM. GO ALONG.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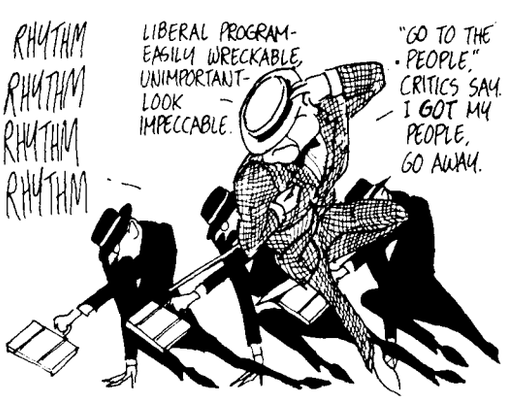
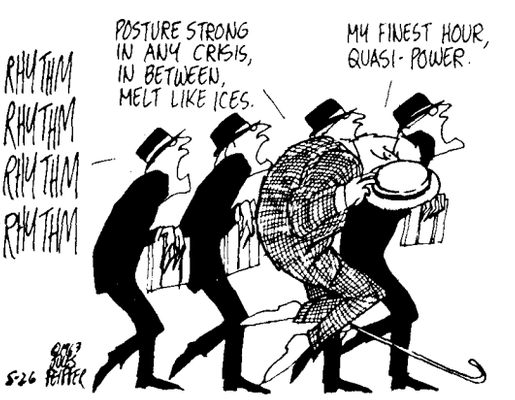
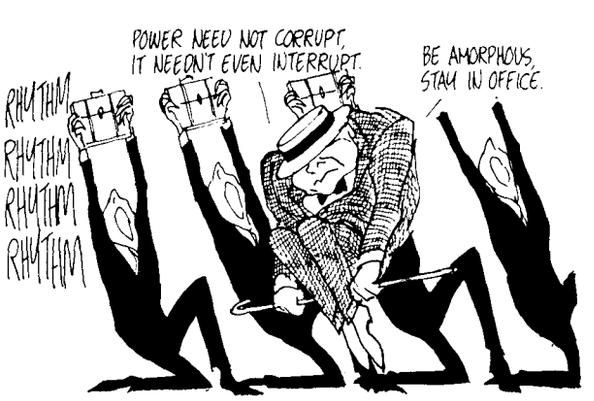
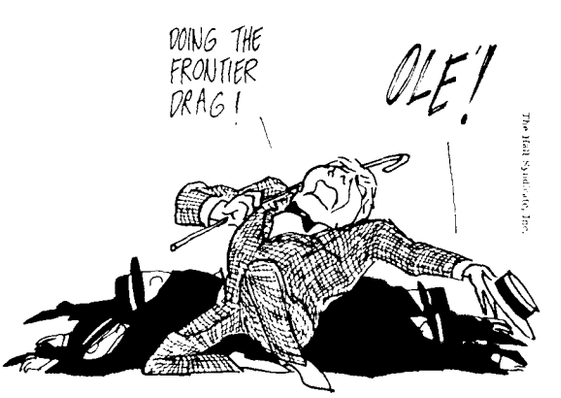
CONGRESS IS A CONSTANT FORCE. NOT MEANT TO DO A THING OF COURSE.
MAKE A DEAL, DON'T ABUSE, NEVER ARGUE, LOSE, LOSE, LOSE.









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the *lingua franca* of America's big cities, and if one wants to dig deeper, there is the fact that Gold grew up in the same lower middle-class, urban Jewish environment that fostered Bruce and Sahl and practically all the other "sicks." What is more significant is the fact that Gold makes Dan Shaper, an obvious self-projection, the instrument of his jazzy humor. When Dan first appeared several years ago in "Love and Like," he was an angry, suffering man holding himself in check by "understanding" his vindictive and hysterical wife. His life sundered by an acrimonious divorce, his sexual frustration unslaked by a sweet but vapid girl, he catches himself in the final scene toying with the idea of suicide. But in *Salt* this same man gaily makes the rounds, chuckles with adolescent glee over his conquests, and glibly explains: "Laughing is the quickest way I know to dry off the disgust behind my ears, to shake me into good or bad behavior, to jiggle me up and out of troubles."

It will be interesting to see whether Gold adopts the new vision of his hero, Dan Shaper, and permits his flair for farce to erupt into a full-scale novelistic realization of that acerbic humor most of his readers call "sick."

FILMS

Down and Out in London and Paris

The L-Shaped Room (Davis-Royal); *Pickpocket* (Delahaye)

Bryan Forbes seems unable to make up his mind. This gifted Englishman, an actor turned screenwriter, producer, and director, is interested in serious materials or at least in the idea of doing serious work, but he seems to have a shopgirl streak in his soul. There is always an element of merchandise in his films. *The Angry Silence*, which he wrote and co-produced, had a timely subject: a working man questioning the conformities of unionism; but it was vitiated by some silly melodramatics. He adapted *Only Two Can Play* from a Kingsley Amis novel (by "serious" I obviously don't mean "non-comic"); but he blotched its good character-comedy with some mechanical Bob Hope gags. Now he presents his second directorial job, *The L-Shaped Room*, with his own screenplay, adapted from a novel by Lynne Reid Banks, and again much that is truthful in it is derogated by splashes of spurious showmanship.

A French girl in London takes a top-floor room in a cheap lodging-house where she waits out her pregnancy to have an illegitimate child. In the plyboard elbow of her room is another room occupied by a West Indian Negro; on the floor below lives a struggling young writer; on the ground floor is a retired music-hall actress; in the basement are a couple of tarts. She becomes fast friends with them all and falls in love with the writer. They have an affair which splits when he learns that she was pregnant when they met; he is reconciled temporarily but, at the last, cannot accept another man's child. She goes back to France with her baby.

There are many attractive elements in the film, highest among which is Leslie Caron's touching and sometimes fierce performance as the girl. Yet, paradoxically, her presence in the film is its first weakness. The novel was about an English girl, but, quite apart from comparison with the original, the character of this French girl simply is not credible. It is a wry joke in England that French girls come over to have their babies for free on the National Health Service, but here is an enchanting French girl who, we are told, comes over to England to have her first lover! At the age of twenty-seven! The reasons she adduces – parental primness and so on – ring quite false (which is not to say there are no prim French parents). Credibility has been strained to accommodate Miss Caron and to provide the film with a star.

All through the script there is ambivalence. The dialogue swings between liberally profane zest and soppiness, like the whore's story of the Yank soldier who started her off or the old actress' theatrical-reminiscence corn. The plot swings between hard straightforwardness and expediency. The Negro is obviously meant to have fallen in love with the girl, but this is transmuted to moral disapproval of her affair; and, toward the end, this important character is allowed to disappear, to avoid resolving his story. In terms of inner dynamics, the film really finishes when the girl escapes a miscarriage and the writer, remorseful, is reconciled to her pregnancy. But a happy ending and moral approbation are not wanted, so the plot is padded to give the hero time enough to change his mind again.

Forbes' direction, too, is markedly insecure. Passionate and humorous passages alternate with stale or stilted effects: the repeated device of having the girl run happily toward the camera only to be disappointed by something so that her face falls; silly byplay with a tin of Colman's Mustard (the boy's name is Colman); a trite Christmas celebration out of *The Entertainer* and a dozen other stuffy-parlor parties; a beatnik night-club sequence so dismally unoriginal that it even ends with a close-up of a trumpet bell to black out the scene. For his score, Forbes has used an arrangement of the first Brahms piano concerto, which is some tons too heavy for the material and comes avalanching in whenever love or loneliness is mentioned. (Except when a chorus trills *Silent Night* at the hospital.) The bad moments in this film are in almost schizoid contrast with the good scenes, like many of the episodes between the lovers or the meeting of the girl and her ex-lover. And the chic veneer of sexual frankness does not cover up the cracks.

This oscillation between the true and the trumpery leaves the picture without point. It starts as the story of a girl

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Oscar Gass *is a consulting economist in Washington, D. C.* Gil Orlovitz *is the author of* The Art of the Sonnet. Albert Goldman *has written extensively on music and literature.*

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determined to have her child, not in expiation but to fulfill her experience and herself; it ends with her becoming a punching-bag for the hero's emotional gymnastics and a *raisonneuse* for the other characters' confessions.

As the writer, Tom Bell has incisiveness, humor, and hook-nosed, lean good looks. He joins Albert Finney, Tom Courtenay, and Alan Bates in the group of forceful young actors unearthed by the decade's upheaval in British films. Brock Peters must be weary of comparison with Sidney Poitier, but he has much of the latter's power, although he does not yet have his subtlety. Cicely Courtneidge, the old musical star, is in unsurprising command of the old musical performer role, and Emlyn Williams makes a brief, nicely repulsive appearance as a slimy doctor.

The French director, Robert Bresson, has a large reputation although he has made only seven films in 29 years. It is a shameful fact that only two of them have been shown publicly in this country: *Diary of A Country Priest* and *A Man Escapes*. Now *Pickpocket* (1959), his most highly regarded work, is brought here – another service of the New Yorker Theater. It deals with a young Parisian who gives up his studies to become a professional thief. We see him pick his first pockets, join a gang, and become really professional. The film is distinguished from ordinary crime pictures by its stoic manner, its quasi-Dostoevskian relationship between a detective and the criminal, and by the vaguely Nietzschean rationale of the hero. He believes himself an exceptional man who need not live by slaves' morality.

For me, the film falls far short of its praise elsewhere. Technically, Bresson much too often opens a scene with a shot of the setting into which the characters walk or holds the camera on the setting after the characters leave; it makes for recurrent stasis. He repeats shots – like the hero climbing the stairs – for no discernible reason. As for the script, the girl who falls in love with the thief is a Gallic platitude. (Including her exceptional beauty. Doesn't a French young man ever encounter a merely good-looking girl?) Her feeling for him is a cabaret parody of silent Left Bank passion. But the chief fault is that the hero is a vacancy, not a character. Martin La Salle, who plays the part, has a bony, sensitive face, but no deader pan has crossed the screen since Buster Keaton. The besetting fallacy of modern French films and novels is the belief that nullity equals malaise and/or profundity.

Still, *Pickpocket* is made in a muted, concise style that bespeaks intelligent guidance. If it is never really stirring or involving, it is never pretentious or boring, and its very taciturnity gives it some haunting effect.

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TELEVISION

Sick Beside the Screen

Just to keep things in perspective it's useful periodically to point out that one cannot watch TV without frequent nausea. One tunes in for a run-of-the-mill 15-minute broadcast of evening news on "NBC, the Community-Minded Station" – this is part of the station's public-service obligation – and what does the newscaster Merrill Mueller show us? First Governor Rockefeller and his bride returning from their honeymoon, looking merry enough; the Governor's first piece of official business will be a conference on Civil Defense. We cut to the President going into his birthday dinner in a New York Hotel; the dinner is at $1,000 a plate, and brings in $550,000 for the Democratic campaign fund; the President goes past a chanting crowd of pickets demanding jobs and rights for Negroes and carrying a Jim Crow coffin; the President turns to grin at the camera. Cut directly to a suburban kitchen where a mother and her two children demonstrate the advantages of certain two-ply paper towels. We are back with the President in New York, dedicating a war-memorial at the Battery, and he is explaining that it is more natural for sons to bury their fathers (somehow this is especially disturbing from his mouth, but "it means that every generation must defend our freedom"). And we go to an indictment for graft of a gentleman of the New York State Liquor authority, showing him and his attorney in a lurid light, grim, not commenting. And on to the cigarette that has the menthol in the tip and not in the fine tobacco; and immediately to a BOAC plane winging to Bermuda and to jolly scenes that in the context are almost unbearably sickening: hand-in-hand bathers loping by with entirely spurious gaiety, a young

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man and women underwater with their glass masks. Next to some stock-market figures and a graph; and so to Gordon Cooper, the astronaut, reviewing boy-scouts in his home town and urging them to become Eagle Scouts, though he never made it himself.

These macabre images and their sequence are quite routine. Yet seeing them, one can hardly believe that they have not been contrived by some heavy-handed satirist, in the genre of the young Sergei Eisenstein, but particularly vicious. To be sure, NBC does not invent the news of the day, or the color of America. But it selects from it, chooses the palette, underlines the message. Presumably the persons involved in this creative enterprise are self-contemptuous and contemptuous of the audience; yet my response as a sober viewer is not indignation but sadness and disgust. They, purveyors and audience, are doomed people, destroying us with themselves; seen on TV, they are not *worth* saving. Of course no people in the flesh are so base as this.

In terms of what is on the screen, all of us – except maybe for shut-ins – would be better off if TV did not exist. It does not warrant rational criticism. It does far more harm than good, as well as being expensive to produce and time-consuming to watch. It has had occasional successes, but most of its few good things could be more simply and cheaply provided by other means. The argument put forward by Marya Mannes, that one cannot stand aside from TV, that one must experience what is "important" to everybody, is rubbish; it is pandering. What is important for people is their health and sense, not their pathology and stupidity. To know what goes on in America, it is more direct to enter any suburban or Harlem home, to go along any superhighway or city-street, and see it for oneself, rather than to watch these things reflected in inartistic images.

Frankly, my chief reason for writing about TV is that, *as an institution*, it is the purest case of our pathetic American (and world-wide) plight. Under the auspices of profit aggrandizement and power, new scientific technology is perverted. There is not even a tradition of sane human use. Instead of achieving, with the help of science, a reasonable way of life, we and other peoples are cast into confusion. Where prudence would require a modest and experimental approach to such new things, we have been swamped by them.

As with the movies and, increasingly modern architecture, TV has been crippled by having technical means beyond its contemporary artistic needs. In the normal history of any art, say literature or painting, artists invent new techniques to meet new problems of content or sensibility. Even in the first generations of photography and cinema, the technique followed the expressive need or the imagination of the creator – one thinks of Bitzer standing beside Griffith and inventing devices to say what the director wanted; just as Wright or LeCorbusier sought in their various ways to provide an aesthetic for new materials and mass-manufacture. But soon in the movies and in modern architecture, technology swamped the need for expression, and we are saddled with effects, with slick texture, "industrial design." In TV there has never been a period of creative use of the medium. TV has degenerated without ever having become.

But there has surely been in modern times a political and educational need for broadcasting, the exchange of information and the testing of ideas, in order to offset massification and to salvage liberty from the mass-pressures of 19th- and 20th-Century industrial, economic, and urban conditions. Yet by a fatality, radio and TV, entirely new media of communication, developed in the era of increasing totalitarianism and directed-democracy, and have been pre-empted by the very powers, of State or corporation, that have turned citizens into masses. (When I point out this kind of thing, people cannot even imagine alternative ways in which these media could have developed or could be used.) The outcome is that, instead of serving to counteract the mass-press that has so overwhelming developed since 1850, broadcasting has in a generation done more than the mass-press, by both sensationalism and blandness, to stultify thought and language. Among all media, TV is the model of unanimity.

In a society hampered in most of its vital functions by monopoly and top-down decision-making by too few minds and too little mind, by administrative overhead and inflexible bureaucracy, by standardized procedures and defense of the public-relations image, radio and TV have best demonstrated how to apply this corporate style to the very functions of controversy, education, creative imagination, entertainment, and sense-perception for which the style is most deadening. Inevitably, then, most serious writing about TV has concerned itself not with what is on the screen, as image or thought, but with the relation of what is so peculiarly on the screen with the forces that act behind the screen and in front of the screen. Criticism exists not in the intellect but in the ratings, and the ratings are of course as unauthentic as the rest of the process. But the in-

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stitution itself is not unauthentic, it is an historical fact. Thus, writing about TV is not criticism but sociology, economic analysis and political rage.

Since the channels of broadcasting are in the common domain, one has to go back as far as the Enclosure Acts in the 15th and 16th Centuries to find an equivalent theft of community goods by the State for the benefit of feudal barons. For the first time in history, this robbery has extended to leasing away extra-terrestrial rights.

PAUL GOODMAN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

That Attack from Space

Sirs:

In "That Attack from Space" (May 4), Raymond Senter suggests that a *Fortune* article of mine supports immediate development of space weapons by the US. Mr. Senter apparently failed to read far enough. The *Fortune* article points out the obvious drawbacks for such weapons which Mr. Senter discusses. It also notes that most military experts are indeed as skeptical as he is about their value, at least as such devices are now conceived.

Regardless of how chilling the thought of weapons in orbit might be, serious proposals for their development cannot be dismissed completely. At the least, the critic who does so is put in the position of the early 1950s' defenders of manned bombers who bitterly opposed diverting funds to the ICBM program on the grounds that missiles were then small, limited in range, and inaccurate.

The important question, however, is not whether an orbiting nuclear weapon would be superior as a weapon to the ICBM. Rather, it is whether there is any potential military use of space. Military planners are honestly disturbed by the fact that the USSR space program is firmly controlled by the military, while the US is devoting the greater part of its effort and funds to non-belligerent uses. These men are willing to leave the moon to NASA and weapons to the future. But they do want to begin to explore the military potentials of space. In addition they would like to develop a capability to operate in space in a fashion that suits their own particular requirements in order to be prepared against the possibility of Soviet exploitation of space for military purposes. Dyna-soar, for example, is an attempt to build a space vehicle that is capable of bringing a pilot back to earth without the assistance of a fleet of ships which just might have other chores to perform in an emergency.

Whether a pilot could be put to more helpful military tasks than circling the globe in orbit is certainly a valid question. But to decide in advance that there is no military role in space might prove to have been a dangerous lack of imagination.

Philip Siekman
Groton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

In reply:

If most US military experts are indeed skeptical about the value of bombardment satellites for our own use, as Mr. Siekman suggests, it is all the more difficult to understand why they believe the Soviets will find them a valuable weapon. Are the Soviets that much smarter, or so much more stupid?

The important question is *not* whether there are potential military uses of space. As Mr. Siekman's own article pointed out, we already are operating or developing spacecraft for reconnaissance, navigation, weather surveillance, communications, geodetic survey and early warning. There is universal agreement as to the military value of such applications.

The crucial question is whether we should dissipate our limited supply of scientific talent and resources on what is likely to be a multi-billion dollar boondoggle in space when even its ardent proponents admit "they do not know exactly how or with what devices the attack might be carried out," to quote from Mr. Siekman's own article.

Considering the fact that the Soviets now have, or soon will, enough ballistic missiles to utterly destroy this country and that nearly a decade of work has failed so far to devise even a promising

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hope for an effective defense against such missiles, common sense suggests that we should devote our best energies to this pressing problem.

Raymond D. Senter

Veblen's Insights

Sirs:

Philip Green's review of David Bazelon's *The Paper Economy* (May 25) contained a surprisingly uninformed paragraph on Thorstein Veblen. He asserts that it seldom occurred to Veblen that profit could stem from the practice of industrial inefficiency. In fact, this idea was central to the Veblenian vision; it was reflected many times over in the acidulous descriptions of the manner in which business (as opposed to industry) practiced a "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency," and was restated in virtually all of his works – from the *Theory of the Leisure Class* down to *Absentee Ownership*. The new literature is significant not so much in its creation of fresh ideas, but in the re-discovery of the razor-edged insights of the old master.

Ben B. Seligman
Retail Clerks
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Where the Bell Rings

Sirs:

The hilarity of Hilary Corke's review of the "Prize-Winning Anti-Novel" (May 25) was misplaced. In the original the bell does not ring in Jacob's pants. It *was* the dogged translator who put it there.

Your reviewer suspected as much, but did not suspect enough. It seems to be a general practice to review translations of foreign novels without reference to the original and mostly without a suspicion, even, of how often and how badly good books are traduced. But such guilelessness ill becomes a reviewer who pokes fun at an international jury for awarding prizes in ignorance of originals, on the recommendation of national "barkers."

Johnson's novels are, in my opinion, very good books, the second (which was, I believe, the one that got the prize) even better than the first (the one under review). Even in the original they are, admittedly, not everybody's cup of tea. They are written in an extremely refractory style, and the second "anti-novel" is virtually untranslatable – which may have been the reason why the *Speculations about Jakob* was translated first. But what Johnson has to say can probably only be said in the way he says it. It is eminently worth saying. I am convinced that his "message" is one of the most urgent of the time in which we live, the time of schism between East and West, of inability to communicate the Eastern experience to the West, of almost inevitable falsification when the attempt at communication is made. Evidently Johnson, in translation, did not succeed in communicating more than boredom to Hilary Corke. This is a pity.

Beate Ruhm von Oppen
St. John's College,
Annapolis, Md.

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